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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1927.

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THE SPIRIT OF OLD CHINA: A HANGCHOW PEASANT SMOKING HIS PIPE IN HIS GARDEN OF REPOSE.

This picturesque photograph seems to typify the spirit of old China. Smoking his pipe of peace—a very long pipe with a very small bowl—this old peasant, in his “garden of contemplation and repose,” represents an attitude of mind that seems to have passed away amid the throes of China’s awakening. Hangchow itself, which (as noted later in this number) has fallen to the

Cantonese Nationalists, is one of the last strongholds of the ancient order, less infected than other Chinese cities by the restless spirit of modernity. It has hitherto preserved much of the antique charm that appealed to Marco Polo, and has kept its old-world calm unspoiled. “Amidst all this,” says a recent observer, “comes again the clash and horror of war.”

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. STACY AUMONIER has been appearing in the character of Jack the Giant-Killer in relation to those described as the Giants of the Victorian Age. He apparently wishes to slash off these rather various Victorian heads with one sweep of the sword. I admit he has had almost intolerable provocation, from those who apparently wish to crown all those Victorian heads with one comprehensive wreath of laurel. It seems to me equally difficult to adore them in a lump and to condemn them in a lump. Of all the strange forms which the Party System takes, this seems to me the most queer form of partisanship. It is human to be divided by colour; it is highly rational to be divided by creed; but it must be very bewildering to be divided only by date.

I take it that most of us who have real sympathies and antipathies find that they cut across the centuries; and that, whatever war we wage, it is not a war between two generations. If we take the beginning of the nineteenth century, for instance, we find a number of great men much more opposed to each other than we can possibly be to them. I sympathise almost entirely with O'Connell and Cobbett; I sympathise warmly, but less completely, with Fox or Grattan; I sympathise much less with Burke; I do not sympathise in the least with Pitt; I cannot imagine anybody sympathising with Castlereagh. If you ask me to make a faction consisting of Cobbett and Castlereagh, and then compare that united group with another consisting of Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Mr. Belloc, I cannot do it. I cannot imagine any way of regarding either couple as companions merely because they were contemporaries. Mr. Bernard Shaw once invented a pet name for a monster which he called the Chesterbelloc. But it would be terrible to have to add another hyphen to the Home Secretary's name; and a creature called the Belloc-Joynson-Hicks would be something more fabulous than a monster.

In short, it is obvious that men are united by the convictions of the mind much more than by the conventions of the moment; and that William Pitt and William Cobbett are no more connected by living under the same Sovereign than by having the same Christian name. I have great difficulty, therefore, in arguing for or against Victorians, as is the fashion in the post-Victorian age. But at least the Victorians were much more intelligent, when they imagined they were violently contradicting each other, than are their descendants who imagine they were all the same. Each of them must still be judged on his own merits. Especially he must be judged in relation to his own aim. And it is there that I think Mr. Stacy Aumonier fails in his criticism; especially, for instance, in his criticism of William Morris.

Of course, it is quite true that some temporary reputations dwindle, while other reputations stand. For instance, I think Huxley was a great man, and Herbert Spencer a very small man. Many of their contemporaries worshipped both of them; and I do not very greatly agree with either of them. But Huxley held the very ancient agnostic philosophy; and it is a large though a negative philosophy. And Huxley could write; that is, he could write that large philosophy on a small scale. Herbert Spencer could only write a small philosophy on a large scale. He spread out all the prejudices of one very priggish type of dissenter, in one industrial type of society, so as to cover thousands of pages. But even in this case it would be quite unfair if Mr. Stacy Aumonier were to complain that Herbert Spencer had written many pages that do not exactly sparkle with epigrams. It would be unfair to object that Spencer's

statements about biology or economics do not stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. It would be leaving out the whole plan and conception of Spencer's gigantic work. In other words, it would be blaming a man for doing something badly, without understanding even what he was doing. And that is always bad criticism, even when it criticises bad literature.

Now, in much the same way, Mr. Stacy Aumonier complains that William Morris wrote long stretches of verse, which he and others may happen to find dull, and which nobody would pretend to find startling, or perhaps even striking. But this is an unsympathetic and even an uncomprehending criticism. William

monotonous forest in which the knights and princesses wandered in the long romances of chivalry. Such tales are like tapestries; they are a background. If they had a dramatic light and shade, they would only be a bad background.

I can understand a man who writes such good short stories as Stacy Aumonier wanting stories to be short. But he ought to understand that William Morris deliberately wanted stories to be long. To understand why he wanted them long is to understand a whole world widely different from the world of the moment, which is full of short stories, mostly bad. But the older conception covers many very valuable things besides the poetry of Morris. To understand why Morris wanted stories long, we must ask why the men who sing in chorus in real inns and harvest homes always like songs to be long. The real popular song, on the lines of "The Berkshire Tragedy" or "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" appears to consist of about thirty-seven verses. We must ask why a schoolboy reading "Pickwick" is glad that "Pickwick" is long; or, as I once heard a little boy say, as if he had bought so much toffee, "There's a lot of reading in that." We must understand why the Ballads of Robin Hood seem to be an endless tapestry of green and brown. We must understand why children want an everlasting story, and errand-boys can absorb any amount of Nick Carter or Buffalo Bill.

In short, we must make an effort to understand how people feel when they are really alive; when they are not afraid of life and do not have to take it in sips like a liqueur, but in long draughts like that with which Thor drank up the sea. Then, when we have understood the appetite to be satisfied and the aim to be attained, we can consider as critics whether William Morris succeeded in satisfying this large dream of leisure, of healing idleness and repose even in wandering; whether he related it rightly to his mediæval pattern of beauty; whether there was too little relief in his colouring and design—in short, whether the tapestry was a good tapestry or the poem a good poem. Judged in this way, I should say it was decidedly good; and many good critics agree with me whose general sympathies are very different from mine—for instance, Mr. George Moore.

The critic has some remarks about Ruskin which seem to me even more unjust; and I am far from being a tame Ruskinian. Nobody can deny that these two Victorians (Ruskin and Morris) were attacking the Victorian Age. I wish I could feel as certain that the younger critics are really attacking their own age. It seems to me that most of them are merely praising their own age; that is, urging us to do something merely because it is "done." Now the thing that is done is always being overdone. Men like Morris and Ruskin did really create a revolt against convention. A good many modern men only create a convention of revolt. They go with

their age, and do not rise up to resist it. It cost a real effort for Ruskin and Morris to break away from mahogany and horsehair and the British commercial triumph. It will cost a real effort for anybody to break away from jazz and cocktails and the American commercial triumph. Readers of Mr. Michael Arlen might maintain that there is a good deal to be said for the American jazz and cocktails. Readers of Mr. Osbert Sitwell might equally maintain that there is a good deal to be said for the Victorian horsehair and mahogany. But breaking the mould of one world and making another will always seem the work of a giant; and the name is not altogether misplaced.



A GAINSBOROUGH FOR PRIVATE SALE ON BEHALF OF THE "WARSPITE" FUND, PREFERABLY TO A PURCHASER WHO WILL PRESENT IT TO THE NATION: THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN THORNTON, TREASURER OF THE MARINE SOCIETY FROM 1756 TO 1783.

The Marine Society, of which the Earl of Romney is President, has decided to sell the excellent life-size portrait by Gainsborough of their first treasurer, Mr. John Thornton, which has hung in the Society's Board Room for 145 years. In a recent letter to the "Times," the President and Chairman said: "Before running the risk of this Gainsborough going abroad, as it might do if put up to public auction, the Committee earnestly hope that some great-hearted philanthropist among your readers may feel disposed to purchase this work of art in order to achieve the twofold benefaction of presenting a Gainsborough to the nation and of assisting in paying off the balance of £11,000 required for the 'Warspite.'"—[Photograph by Keystone.]

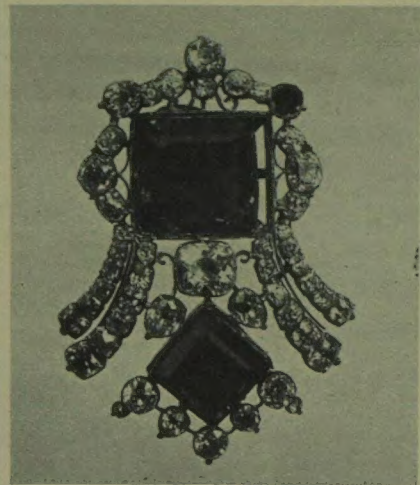
Morris could be striking enough when he wanted to strike. Some of his short mediæval poems strike like sharp swords. He could be pungent enough in his criticism and conversation, and quite understood the value of making a statement compact; as when he said that any man preferring St. Paul's Cathedral to Westminster would prefer his lady-love bald. But William Morris had a theory, which may be right or wrong, about what may be called his larger decorative schemes of poetry. It was a theory by which they were meant to be, not indeed dull, but certainly long and level. He held that men in our feverish and jagged modern world want above all things to find their way back into that endless and even

RUSSIAN STATE JEWELS TO BE AUCTIONED IN LONDON: HISTORIC GEMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



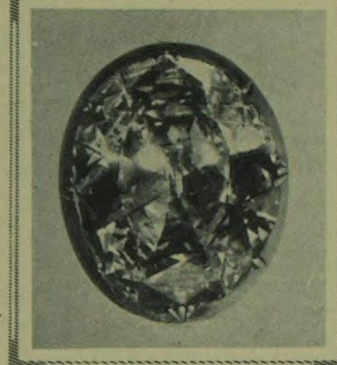
ONE OF A PAIR OF DIAMOND BRACELETS, WITH BANDS OF FOLIAGE DESIGN AND A LARGE OVAL CENTRE STONE.



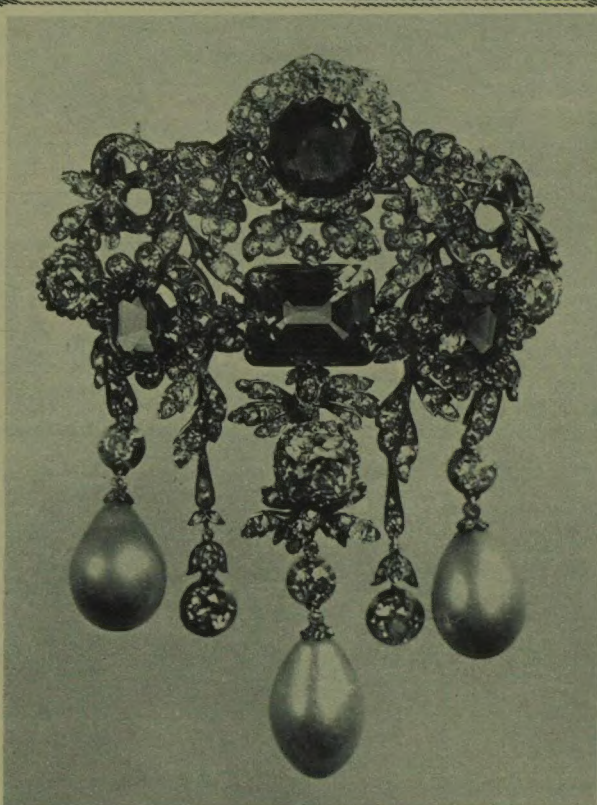
AN EMERALD AND BRILLIANT ORNAMENT, WITH TWO LARGE SQUARE EMERALDS IN BRILLIANT SCROLL BORDERS, MOUNTED AS A PIN.



A PEARL AND DIAMOND ORNAMENT, DESIGNED AS A SPRAY OF FOLIAGE, WITH PEAR-SHAPED DIAMOND DROPS, THREE DROP PEARLS, AND ONE BOUTON PEARL.



A SPLENDID LARGE OVAL BRILLIANT AS A BROOCH. The setting is engraved with the weight of the stone—40.19-32 carats. It was formerly valued at 115,000 roubles.



A MAGNIFICENT BROOCH, WITH DIAMOND FOLIAGE-PATTERN GROUND-WORK, THE TOP SET WITH A SUPERB EMERALD, AN OBLONG SPINEL AND TWO SAPPHIRES.

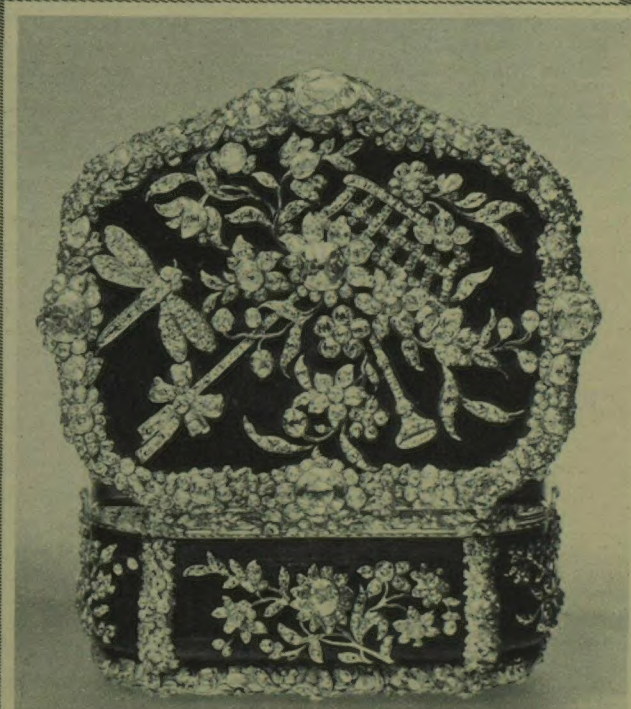


A DIAMOND TIARA, DESIGNED AS WHEAT-EARS AND FOLIAGE AND SET WITH BRIOLET AND OVAL BRILLIANTS, THE LARGEST CENTRE STONE BEING A WHITE SAPPHIRE: A PIECE ADDED TO THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION AFTER THE DEATH OF MARIE FEDOROVNA, WIFE OF PAUL I.



THE "NUPTIAL CROWN": A CROWN ENTIRELY COMPOSED OF DOUBLE ROWS OF FINE BRILLIANTS IN BORDERS OF SMALLER STONES, AND SURMOUNTED BY A CROSS OF SIX LARGE BRILLIANTS—ON A SETTING OF RED VELVET.

A sale of great historic interest is announced to take place at Christie's on Wednesday, March 16, when some magnificent jewellery that formed part of the Russian State jewels will be put up to auction. They do not include, however, any of the personal treasures of the late Imperial family. Most of the pieces date from the eighteenth century, and were made, during the reigns of the Empress Elizabeth and the Empress Catherine the Second, by famous French and Russian jewellers of that period. These jewels were bought by an English syndicate, and are being sold to close a partnership account. The sale catalogue contains 124 lots, but many of them consist of pairs or sets of articles. We illustrate here some of the most important pieces, including the "Nuptial Crown." Among other lots of great value and interest are a Court sword said to have belonged to the Emperor Paul I., with hilt and guard entirely formed of brilliants; and a gold cup, with cover and stand, engraved with a Russian inscription recording that it was presented to General Ivan Petrovitch Soltykov, in 1790, by the Government and people of St. Petersburg.



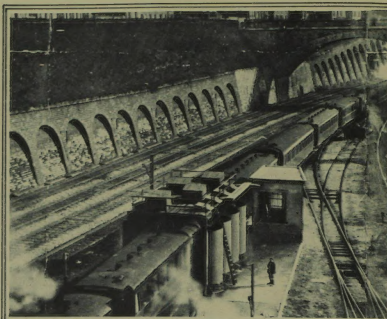
A GREEN JASPER SNUFF-BOX, MOUNTED WITH GOLD BORDERS FINELY CHASED WITH FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE IN VARI-COLOURED GOLD, IN THE STYLE OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XV., THE PANELS AND BORDERS IN DIAMONDS.

NOTABLE HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B.,



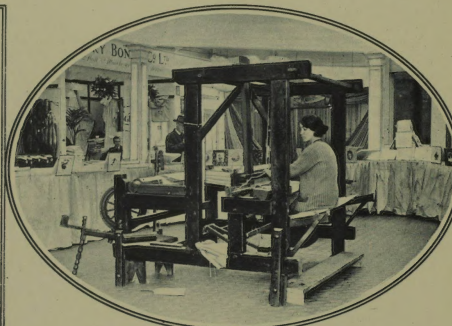
A DUCKING IN THE LENT RACES AT CAMBRIDGE: PEMBROKE V. ABANDONING THEIR SUBMERGED BOAT AFTER BEING BUMPED BY KING'S III. (IN CENTRE, BEYOND THE BOAT IN THE FOREGROUND).



A NEW FRENCH DEVICE FOR CLEANING RAILWAY CARRIAGES: A TRAIN IN PARIS PASSING THROUGH A MACHINE COMPOSED OF EIGHT HUGE REVOLVING BRUSHES.



SALVAGE WORK ON THE SCUTTLED GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "MOLTKE" AT SCAPA FLOW: AN AIR-LOCK (RIGHT), FOR THE ENTRANCE OF WORKMEN, ON THE UPTURNED HULL, AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) A TUG SUPPLYING COMPRESSED AIR.



THE THIRTEENTH BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, A GREAT INCENTIVE TO BUY BRITISH GOODS: A PICTURESQUE EXHIBIT AT THE WHITE CITY—WEAVING LOOM ON AN OLD TYPE OF LOOM STILL USED IN NORTHERN IRELAND.



CHINESE EXECUTIONS: TROOPS AT PEKING ESCORTING SIX BANDITS, CONDEMNED UNDER MARTIAL LAW, TO THE PLACE OF PUNISHMENT—WITH SYMBOLIC SWORDS.

The Lent Races at Cambridge concluded on February 19, the Jesus boat remaining. Head of the River. Our photograph shows an incident on one of the previous days, when Pembroke V. sank after being bumped by King's III. The Pembroke cox is seen in the water, holding on to the bows of the King's boat. In the right background is Peterhouse II., drawn into the bank after having bumped Caius IV.—On a railway in Paris there has just been installed a remarkable machine for cleaning the outsides of carriages. It consists of eight huge vertical brushes—four on each side—which revolve as a train passes through. The device saves an immense amount of time and labour.—The Eton College Steeplechase is an annual event run over a course of two-and-a-half miles. The water-jump is always a popular point for spectators.—Salvage work on the German fleet sunk at Scapa Flow continues, and another effort is being made to raise the "Moltke," which lies bottom up, in 70 ft. of water. On the inverted hull has been fitted an air-lock, through which workmen enter the ship to clear away bulkheads obstructing the free passage of air.—A strong incentive to buy British goods is afforded by the excellent show made in the

"WHITE" RUSSIANS ENROLLED AT SHANGHAI TO PROTECT THE WATER-WORKS PENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH DEFENCE FORCE: THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS CARRYING THEIR RATIONS.



RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS NEAR AND FAR.

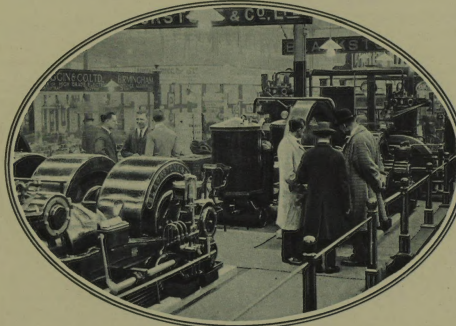
CENTRAL PRESS, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



A MACHINE THAT SAVES MUCH TIME AND LABOUR IN WASHING THE OUTSIDE OF RAILWAY CARRIAGES: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE NEW PARIS APPARATUS, WITH ITS GREAT BRUSHES REVOLVING.



"WATER-JUMP" EXPRESSIONS—PHILOSOPHICAL AND OTHERWISE—IN THE JUNIOR STEEPLECHASE AT ETON: AN EVENT IN WHICH OVER 100 COMPETITORS RAN OVER A 2-MILE COURSE.



THE ENGINEERING SECTION OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO VISIT: SOME OF THE INTERESTING EXHIBITS AT CASTLE BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.



A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN TWO MOTOR-BUSES, FOLLOWED BY FIRE IN WHICH ONE PASSENGER PERISHED: BURNT WRECKAGE OF THE VEHICLES ON THE GLASGOW-GREENOCK ROAD.



AT SHANGHAI, REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SHELLED BY A CHINESE WAR-SHIP: BAMBOO HUTS ERECTED AT THE WATER-WORKS, FOR THE USE OF BRITISH TROOPS IN CASE OF NEED.

British Industries Fair, the two sections of which—at the White City and (for engineering and heavy articles) at Birmingham—were opened simultaneously on February 21. The Prince of Wales, speaking at the Government inaugural dinner at the Mansion House, said: "To keep in the van, we must adopt, adapt, and improve." The Prince arranged to visit the Birmingham section on the 22nd, and the Prime Minister arranged to go on the 24th.—A head-on collision between two motor-buses, one of which had skidded, occurred on the coast road between Glasgow and Greenock on February 21. One bus overturned, while both burst into flames and a man was burnt to death. Some 20 other passengers were injured.—After the outbreak of the general strike at Shanghai, the Chinese Chief of Police ordered the summary execution of agitators, and many were beheaded. Outside the Settlements pedestrians were searched, and the mere possession of a revolutionary handbill meant instant execution. The execution scene at Peking illustrated above was a more formal affair, and took place some weeks previously. It was reported on the 22nd that Shanghai had been shelled by a Chinese war-ship, and that some shells fell in the French Concession.



HOW THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA AFFECTS THE POOR: HUNGRY AND DESTITUTE CHINESE AT A SALVATION ARMY SOUP-KITCHEN IN PEKING.

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., GENERAL PICTURE NEWS, I.B., PHOTOPRESS, CENTRAL PRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, MANSSON, AND RUSSELL.



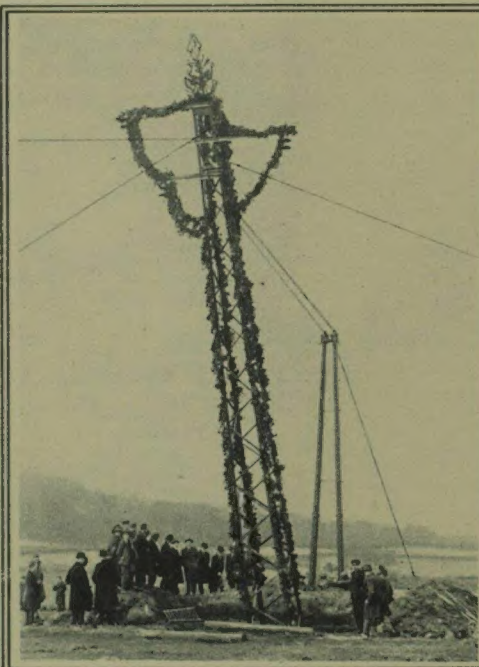
THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MRS. W. TELFORD, THE TRAINER'S WIFE, TYING THE BLUE RIBBON ON GOLDEN SEAL, OWNED BY MR. GORDON SMITH (NEXT TO RIGHT FROM MRS. TELFORD).



CABARET ENTERTAINMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH A PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH: THE REV. G. D. WALKER (STANDING) IN THE NEW "SUNDAY NIGHT CLUB" HE HAS ESTABLISHED AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH FREE STATE INAUGURATES THE SHANNON ELECTRICITY SCHEME: MR. COSGRAVE WORKS A LEVER TO RAISE THE FIRST MAST, NEAR DUBLIN.



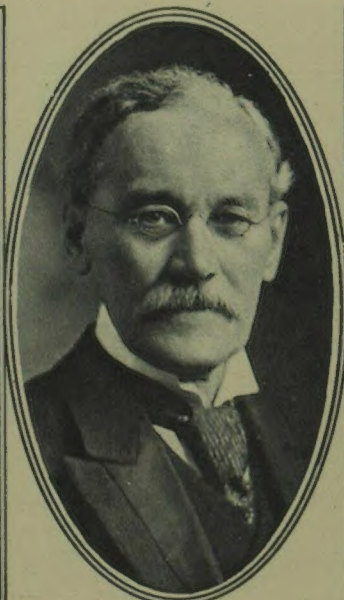
THE FIRST MAST FOR SHANNON ELECTRICITY: AN ELECTRIC STANDARD DECORATED WITH HOLLY AND LAUREL AND A CHRISTMAS TREE ON TOP.



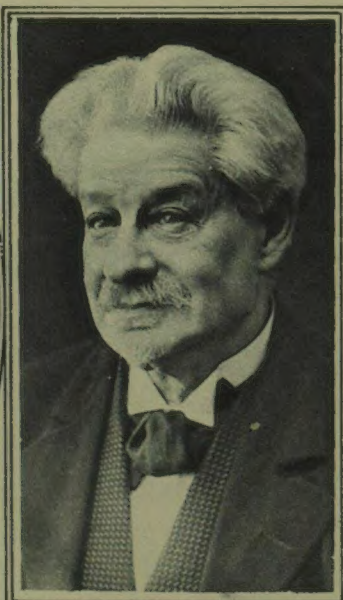
WITH RED QUILLS IN THEIR HATS COMMEMORATING THEIR SCHOOL'S FOUNDER BURSTING A BLOOD-VESSEL: GIRLS AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE TO SIR JOHN CASS.



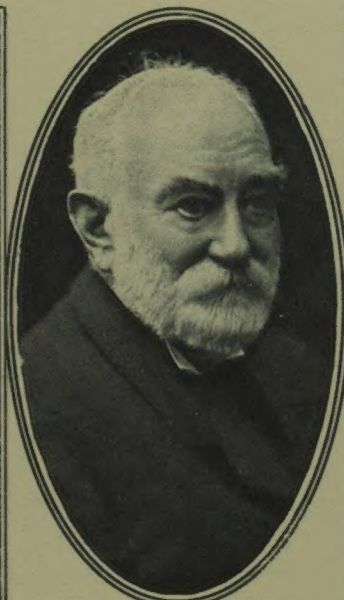
MADE A D.B.E. ON HER RETURN FROM A 10,000-MILE FLIGHT: LADY MAUD HOARE.



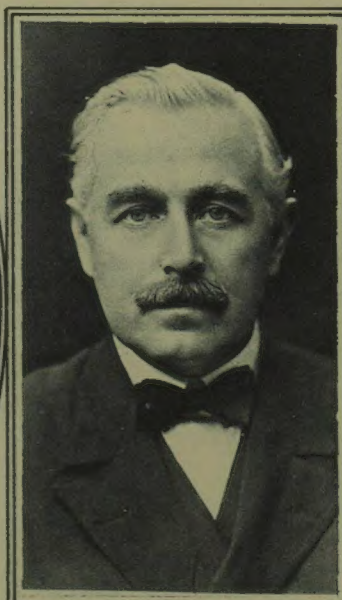
A DISTINGUISHED ORIENTALIST: THE LATE MR. F. E. PARGITER, AN EX-JUDGE IN INDIA.



A GREAT DANISH WRITER OF EUROPEAN FAME: THE LATE GEORG BRANDES.



A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH PEER FORMERLY IN THE NAVY: THE LATE VISCOUNT ELIBANK.



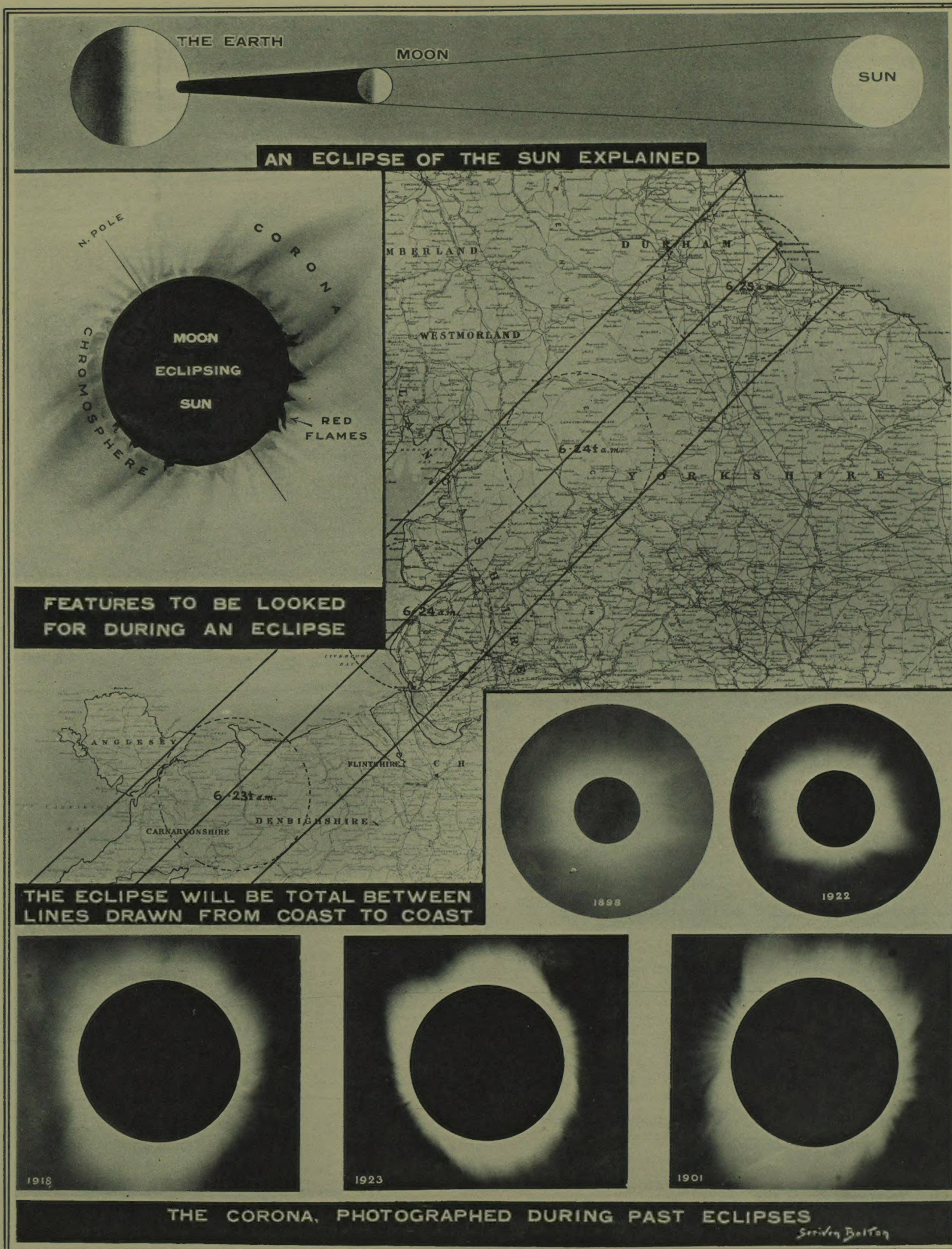
THE NEW VISCOUNT ELIBANK: THE HON. GIDEON MURRAY, MASTER OF ELIBANK.

The Rev. G. D. Walker, pastor of the Wolverhampton Presbyterian Church, has started a Sunday Night Club, as a counter-attraction for young people who parade the town on Sunday nights. The cabaret entertainment includes an all-ladies' band, songs, and humorous sketches.—President Cosgrave worked the lever raising the first mast for distributing electricity, in connection with the Shannon power scheme, at Stepside, near Dublin.—A memorial service was held in St. Botolph's, Aldgate, to Sir John Cass, the eighteenth-century founder of a charity school. The pupils wear red quills in their hats to commemorate the fact that at the signing of his will creating the foundation, Sir John burst a

blood-vessel and blood stained the document.—Lady Maud Hoare, who accompanied her husband, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, on his recent flight to India and back, has been made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. She is the first woman to have travelled 10,000 miles by air.—Mr. Frederick Pargiter was formerly a Judge of the Calcutta High Court.—Georg Brandes, the Danish critic and biographer, is best known by his "Main Streams of Literature in the Nineteenth Century."—The late Lord Elibank served for sixteen years in the Navy, and fought in the second China War in 1857. The new Viscount has been in the Colonial Service, and M.P. for a Glasgow Division.

AFTER 200 YEARS: A TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE VISIBLE IN BRITAIN.

DRAWINGS BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. MAP REPRODUCED FROM THE ORDNANCE SURVEY WITH THE SANCTION OF THE CONTROLLER OF H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE.



PREDICTED FOR JUNE 29: THE FIRST TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN VISIBLE IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1724.

The total solar eclipse predicted for June 29 next will be the first seen in Great Britain since 1724. The shadow will travel from Carnarvon to West Hartlepool in about two minutes' time. It will continue its north-easterly course across Scandinavia. At 5.30 a.m. Summer Time, the dark body of the Moon will begin to pass in front of the Sun, and at about 6.25 the Sun will be totally hidden, and will remain thus for about twenty-four seconds. During this short half-minute, day will be turned into night within the strip of territory shown in the above map. Astronomers will look eagerly for those strange appendages of gas enveloping the Sun, for only during a total eclipse can this atmosphere be seen (see photographs above). It is called

the Corona, and consists of a gas unidentified with any substance found on the earth or elsewhere. Private donors have provided funds for eclipse parties from Oxford and Cambridge. An expedition is also being organised to Aal, Norway, where the eclipse may be more favourably witnessed, and a copy of the itinerary can be had from Mr. A. F. Bennett, Haylings, Leiston, Suffolk. Astronomers from Greenwich will be stationed in Yorkshire and Lancashire. A special Eclipse Map of Great Britain has been published by the Ordnance Survey, at 3s., showing circumstances of the eclipse, roads, and contours, to help observers in choice of locality. In London a good place would be a bridge on a stretch of the Thames running a little north of east.

A Safari in Kenya and Angola: Good Hunting.

"HUNTING IN AFRICA EAST AND WEST." By CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR., AND RICHARD C. CURTIS.*

THE Curtis safari began in earnest after a week or so in the Kedong Valley. The hunting-party—father, two sons, and daughter-in-law—their mentor, "the skipper"; headman, cook, syces, porters and beaters; ox-team and mounts; gun-bearers with their "mates," the secondis; the four askaris, a survival of the armed guard once necessary to enforce discipline and now valuable chiefly as firewood-gatherers and as night-watchmen against predatory hyæna: all had become a community, even a community singing as with one voice! "The porters' legs," it is recorded, "were hard with exercise and their blood vigorous with fresh meat; and they were happier for both.



AT THE CURTIS CAMP: A MASAI WOMAN WITH A POWDER PUFF, JUST AFTER SHE HAD SEEN HER FACE IN A MIRROR FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The iron wire wound round the woman's arms and legs should be noted.

Reproduced from "Hunting in Africa East and West," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

R.'s and my eyes dropped more naturally into line with our gun-sights, our fingers were beginning to squeeze and not pull the trigger, and a six- or seven-hour walk left us still able to get up and reach the lime-juice bottle with which we stifled the mud in our boiled water." The "toughening" process had not been without its interests. Flowers had been collected, giraffe had been seen, lizards had been "tanked" in alcohol, kongoni, quail, and eland had been "bagged," and certain knowledge had come—knowledge, for instance, of Africa's complete scavenger system! "The lion or the leopard makes his kill, usually at night. He takes what he wants. . . . While he eats, the hyænas and the jackals sit round. They dare not join him, but, when he is full and they have their turn at the carcass, the vultures which have gathered must wait. By noon, the traveller finds only a great dark spot in the grass, a skull and a backbone and a few scattered legs; even the smell has been nearly disposed of, for, meanwhile, a ravenous and busy hierarchy of insects have been constantly engaged in picking up the crumbs and wiping up the spills."

Came also the realisation that "the theory of a lion drive is based on the desire of the lion to avoid human intercourse and to make for deeper cover when he hears or smells man near him"; and the acceptance of an etiquette of killing for food. Selimani, a Wakamba, gave the *coup de grâce* to a kongoni with a knife. The first of the authors notes: "There is a significance in Selimani's manner of killing the kongoni which should be explained, although I am far from clear on it myself. Selimani was a Mohammedan, as were all of our gun-bearers and most of the other special functionaries; and one of his chief tenets (perhaps even the head-stone of the corner) was only to eat meat killed by a fellow believer—a sort of kosher, in fact—called in East Africa 'halali.' Whether the basis was the necessity of drawing off

the blood, as Selimani's knife-thrust effectively did, or whether some prayer had to be said as life departed, I do not know; I have been told both. However that may be, I am sure we always let a gun-bearer kill the animals we shot for camp eating; and sometimes when my shot seemed all too accurate and I suspected death had already intervened, I would approach slowly and discreetly and leave Selimani alone with his conscience to decide that 'halali' was still possible." In which connection, another quotation may be made: "One thing about Wakamba methods of eating interested me, and I think it was not a tribal but a racial habit. Europeans have a way of cutting off a bit of meat in the desired size and then conveying it to the mouth. Quite the contrary with the native African. He cuts, or sometimes tears, a strip from the leg or shoulder he has broiled and puts one end in his mouth, as much of the end as his mouth will allow; then he cuts the rest off, as near his lips as he can."

So to Narok, the Government station at the entrance of the Southern Masai Reserve, that district set apart for the bellicose, "impossible neighbour," raiding people who have now to live isolated from the ancient victims of their frays and confine themselves to the care of their property, their cattle.

At Narok, a visit to the golf-course, with its "greens" of hard dirt surrounded by barbed wire; and then the march—and further enlightenment to accompany "bags." In the open country, great herds were seen: zebra, the little dik-dik, kongoni, Thomson's gazelle (more familiarly, Tommy), and gnu swinging their tails in circles, and twisting about like big poodles. Next the first real "thrill"—a lioness. Germani presented the triumphant hunter with "the little lucky bone" from the beast's elbow, and set aside the yellow fat, promising himself that he would sell it at Nairobi "as a magic ointment warranted to make the user brave"; and that night there was a lion dance in celebration. Soon, a lion—and the 'bag' read: 16 kongoni, 10 Tommy, 4 wildebeestes, 3 zebra, 1 oryx, 3 grant, 3 eland, 1 dik-dik, 6 hare, and 2 lion, 8 guinea-fowl, 4 geese, 11 quail, 3 plover, 3 sandgrouse: "we ate all but the lion."

Other days, other game: lion, impalla with lyre-shaped horns, topi, rhinoceros, and so on; but few buffalo, despite good buffalo-hunting. And more important, perhaps, lore and legend. A wildebeeste fell to the bullets: "The first thing Mooma did was to tie a knot in the long straight hair of the tail, which is much admired as part of a headdress in Wakamba dances. I did not understand this preliminary knot, and asked Selimani to explain. I was told that since my first shot had hit the beast in the belly and thus given it bellyache, anyone who was ill-advised enough to eat the meat would succeed to the bellyache unless a knot were tied in the tail as soon as possible. I suppose the knot somehow tied the ache in. . . ."

Bunches of grass were pressed into the hunter's hands as signs of felicitation; and grass figured in a rhino-hunt. A bleached rhino skull lay in the path. "Into it the Masai tossed a few blades of grass. This was a propitiation of such devil as might have taken possession." It was the same with a haunted tree-stump. Into its hollow, grass was thrown. ". . . the common grass. It takes a Whitman to extol it and the African native to make a sacrament of it."

A while, and the breaking-up of the party. But there was to be further venturing for some—in Angola, after the giant sable antelope. "No other head in Africa will bear comparison," says the "R." of the book. "For many years a single horn, sixty-one inches long, a foot longer than the best sable head ever shot, has hung in a Museum at Florence. Its history had long since been forgotten, and it was only just before the last great war that its origin was discovered by H. F. Varian, an English engineer engaged in building the new railroad inland from Lobito Bay in Angola to the Katanga copper mines. Between the Cuanza and the Loando Rivers in Angola,

Varian found a new species of antelope with immensely finer horns than the common sable and a somewhat different face-marking. This was the giant sable antelope; the unknown horn in the Florence Museum was at last explained."

Splendid quarry indeed: no wonder there is much licensing! The "one sable apiece" became a fact, but the hunting, speedy as it was, was not easy. "By ten in the morning," says the chronicler, "the sable have lain down for the day in the thickest cover they can find. Towards sunset the herd begin to get to their feet and think of dinner. They feed at night. Our best chance was to come across them after sunrise as the herd wanders off towards cover, or to find them standing sleepily about in the bush. After ten, when the beasts have lain down, and only the tip of a horn is showing above the grass, you would stumble over them before you saw them. But there was always the hope of crossing fresh tracks. . . . Tracking is the most fascinating of sports. . . . It was even more fascinating for me because I couldn't tell the difference between the spoor of yesterday and to-day. . . . The standard test is to examine a bit of grass broken off in the footprint; if it has dried, the track is at least a day old. In an older track, the soil is no longer fresh-cut and brown. This was as far as I could get. The final test between last night's and this morning's spoor I never could see—whether the dew has covered the track or the dust lies over the dew."

Yet the father got a fine bull, and the son another. The first sable was hit near the heart at about a quarter to eight, and had to be tracked for five hours afterwards. Then he called for four more shots. His sweeping horns measured fifty-three and a half inches, and he weighed over four hundred pounds. The second, whose horns were but half an inch shorter, fell to two hits. Luck had been in. "We had hunted for just a week," recalls the writer, "and had killed two big sable. . . . My father and I counted up that, between us, we had seen forty-four sable, of which four were big bulls, and all in a territory of about forty square miles, where the sable seemed to be concentrated. I don't believe that there were more than seventy-five sable in all that territory. Few, if any, species of animal were ever so narrowly bounded or so limited in numbers."

After which it seems superfluous to add that "Hunting in Africa East and West"—which is divided into "Lion and Buffalo in Kenya" and "Giant Sable Antelope in Angola"—is full of "meat." Altogether, a most companionable book.—E. H. G.



A DWELLER IN THE SOUTHERN MASAI RESERVE SET APART FOR HIS TROUBLESOME TRIBE: A MASAI WARRIOR; SHOWING ONE OF HIS STRETCHED EARLOBES, WHICH SHOULD BE ABLE TO MEET THE OTHER LOBE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAD.

The test of well-stretched ear-lobes is whether they will meet on the top of the head.

Reproduced from "Hunting in Africa East and West," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

* "Hunting in Africa East and West." By Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Richard C. Curtis. With Illustrations. (Stanley Paul and Co.; 16s. net.)

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: I.—GIANT SABLE ANTELOPE.

DRAWN BY RAOUL MILLAIS.

Raoul
Millais

THE discovery of the Giant Sable Antelope by Mr. H. F. Varian, an English railway engineer, in Angola, just before the war, explained the mystery of a single horn sixty-one inches long (a foot longer than the best sable head) of unknown origin, preserved in a museum at Florence. "The Giant Sable Antelope," writes Mr. Raoul Millais, "is only to be found in the triangular belt of country bush between the Loando and the Quanza Rivers in Portuguese Angola. It is strange that he has never been known to cross these rivers, but the grass is good and there seems to be no apparent reason why he should do so. This bush country in which he lives is not particularly dense and has many open glades; it is, nevertheless, often difficult to see far ahead, as the trees, though small, grow closely together."

A SPECIES WHOSE DISCOVERY IN 1913 EXPLAINED A MYSTERIOUS HORN: THE GIANT SABLE ANTELOPE.

"One has many disappointments," writes Mr. Raoul Millais, "when hunting the animal, as he nearly always hears or sees you before you are aware of his presence at all. If, however, one has the luck to spot him dozing on the edge of a clearing at midday, when he lies down to rest, it is a different matter. An adult bull is unquestionably one of the finest-looking animals in Africa, his long, sharp horns sometimes measuring over 5 ft. in length. His body is jet black. . . . The Giant Sable cows, unlike the more common Sable, are a brilliant burnt sienna, and have a much straighter horn than the bull. . . . The bull Sable leaves a peculiarly musty smell upon trees against which he has rubbed in passing, and I have, on several occasions,

scented this aroma when I was quite unaware that he was anywhere near, and have soon afterwards spied him moving along just ahead. The herd bull will sometimes have as many as thirty or forty cows and calves with him, and when suspicious, will round them up like a Scotch stag. The first bull I killed was accompanied by about twenty cows and calves, which stood round gazing at him as he lay dead, and did not move until I had walked up to within fifteen or twenty yards, and then only went a little way. . . . The large illustration shows a big bull Sable dozing at midday, and the hunter (right background) who has just sighted him. Above, at the top, is a bull rounding-up his cows."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Dewi Sant. St. David, whose festival is about to be celebrated, was born in the very dawn of the seventh century. In Wales he is, of course, "Dewi Sant." They speak of Welshmen and "Cardis," and St. David was a Cardi, having been born the son of a Cardiganshire prince. But Welshmen have never dethroned him, even in favour of a later David,

The Profanation of St Paul's at the close of the 17th Century. Marketing and trading of all kinds were carried on in the Church itself.

standing under their feet. And when the earth had been cleared away they found a "cemetery" containing hundreds of pieces of jewellery, exquisitely shaped and engraved, golden articles for personal decoration—rings and diadems and bracelets—and copper and ivory and fine pottery.

Finally, there was found the tomb of a predecessor of Nebuchadnezzar—"an earlier King of Babylon, Marduk-nadin-ahi." But Nebuchadnezzar will always be the name to set our minds alight. In all history, and still more in all tradition, there has never been anything like Babylon. Thinking of it in after times, men were content simply to give their imaginations the rein. One computator held its area to be 188½ square miles! Poets dreamed of its women and of its gardens; historians debated its influence; philosophers pointed the moral of its fall; and even travellers of the Middle Ages came back with hints of its scarce-departed glory. Marco Polo calls it "a large and magnificent city," adding that it was "formerly still more considerable, but has sustained much injury from the Tartars." Marco Polo, by the way, is to be commended among explorers for his modesty of statement. It was not often that he "went in at the deep end." As for the Tartars, they would never have been elected honorary members of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings.

And it is Nebuchadnezzar whose name remains with that of his city. "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" And then "while the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O King

Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; The kingdom is departed from thee."

What "special correspondent" with the story to tell of a world crisis ever gave Fleet Street such copy as that? What a perishing of pride, what a swift defeat, what a fall! "And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing."

Of the Old Stamp. One of the rarest stamps in the world

is about to be sold in a London sale-room. It is the fourpenny blue Western Australia issued in 1854. Most of us have memories of that colony's postage stamps, which commemorated its earlier name of Swan River. We always recognised the stamp by its bird. For the schoolboy collector, doubtless, every goose was a swan; but the variety now for sale shows a swan standing on its head. From her earliest times, quite naturally, Australia took an intense interest in her postal system. The first postmaster of New South Wales was appointed in the year of Waterloo, while twelve years later a General Post Office was set up. It was only then that leading bushrangers, asked to contribute to a "Who's Who," were able to give as their recreation "robbing the mail coach." When a regular mail service to England was proposed there was a noisy controversy about the route to be used. Red Sea men fought Cape of Good Hope. But nothing was done for years afterwards, and, in fact, a real system did not exist till 1849. When in the spring of that year Australians were still without the letters despatched from London in the previous summer, they made it terribly clear to the English Government that something must be done. Something was done.

"On a Tuesday," Apropos of my reference

to Tuesday, a correspondent kindly sends me by way of correction an interesting note, reminding me that in the East the day is significant of evil. Why? For the Greek it is unlucky because on that day Constantinople fell to the Turk; to other Eastern Christians it is so because on that day, as they say, Judas made the "worst of all bargains." But the day is hated by the Turk also, and by the Jew, as well as by the Yezidi, worshipper of Satan. Looking for the source of the prejudice, my correspondent, an authority on earliest civilisations and familiar with the mind of the Near East, proceeds: "Actually, an observer is inclined to think that the bad fortune of the day must go back, like other observances common to all sects and faiths in Mesopotamia, to days long before their division from one another, or before the rise of Christianity."

[Continued on page 374.]



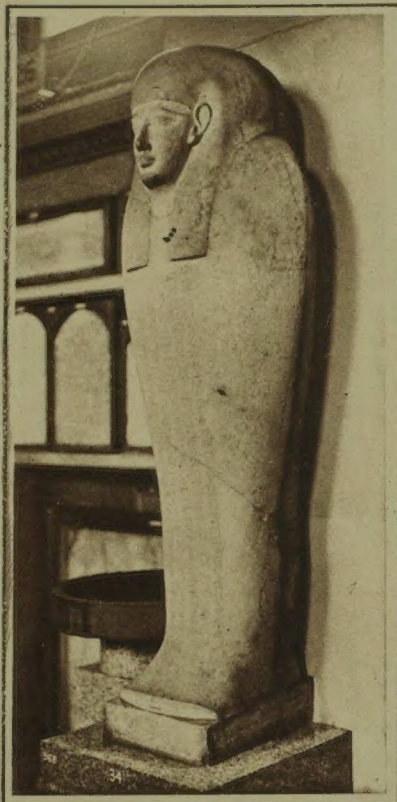
THE CAUSE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM "GHOST": THE GLASS CASE CONTAINING A STATUE OF ISIS, ONE PANEL OF WHICH FORMS A TRANSPARENT PLANE MIRROR REFLECTING THE NEIGHBOURING FIGURE OF HES-PETÁN-AST INTO THE EMPTY COFFIN OF SEBEK-SA.

The glass case contains a green basalt statue of the goddess Isis, holding between her wings a figure of her son, Osiris-Un-Nefer (From Thebes, XXVIII-XXXth Dynasties; 400-350 B.C.)

whose home also for many years has been on the shores, green with the rarest and most refreshing fruit, of Cardigan Bay. The national emblem of the leek is traditionally reported to have been worn by the Welsh, at the bidding of St. David, before going into battle with the Saxons and winning a great victory.

St. David is supposed to have founded monasteries at Crowland, Glastonbury, and other places, and he died at Menevia, of which he was Bishop. It now commemorates him in its modern name of St. David's. The saint had a great place in the imagination of the Middle Ages, and before the Reformation a collect was said annually at Salisbury in which allusion was made to the fact that, thirty years before his coming, his appearance was foretold by an angel of God.

A further "Is Not This Great Babylon?" report of great interest has lately come in from the expedition sent to Ur by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania. Tombs five thousand years old have been found in a cemetery within a *temenos*. The discovery seems to have been thrilling enough for a novel. When the site was first found the excavators wondered if there were any buildings still



THE ORIGINAL OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM "GHOST": THE FIGURE OF HES-PETÁN-AST, WHICH IS REFLECTED INTO AN EMPTY UPRIGHT COFFIN NEARBY WHEN THE COFFIN IS LOOKED AT THROUGH AN INTERVENING GLASS CASE.

The above figure, in the Egyptian Sculpture Gallery at the British Museum, is described as "The white limestone Coffin of Hes-Petán-Ast, the son of the Lady T-Khart-Menu, inscribed with an address to the Gods of Judgment, and a Petition for deliverance from the Crocodile, and for the Gift of Sepulchral Meals. (From Thebes; Ptolemaic Period.)"



HOW THE OPTICAL ILLUSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM "GHOST" MAY BE SEEN: AN OBSERVER LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASS CASE CONTAINING A STATUE OF ISIS TOWARDS THE EMPTY COFFIN OF SEBEK-SA (RIGHT BACKGROUND), IN WHICH HE SEES A "PHANTOM OCCUPANT," REALLY A REFLECTION OF THE FIGURE OF HES-PETÁN-AST (LEFT. BACKGROUND, FACING CAMERA).

(See also Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

THE "GHOST" ANYONE MAY SEE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

UNTOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



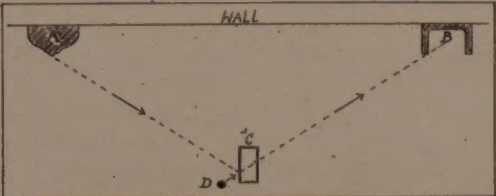
BEFORE THE APPARITION: THE EMPTY COFFIN, IN BLACK BASALT, OF SEBEK-SA, OR SA-SEBEK, A PRIEST OF PTAH, DIRECTOR OF THE TEMPLES AND GOVERNOR OF THE CITY OF MEMPHIS (FROM MEMPHIS, ABOUT B.C. 370)—AN EXHIBIT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In the Egyptian Sculpture Gallery at the British Museum there stands erected vertically against the wall the black basalt coffin of Sebek-Sa, which is empty. If, however, the visitor chances to look through a glass case which contains a statue of Isis holding a figure of her son, Osiris-un-Nefer, a view may be obtained, at a certain angle through the glass, of Sebek-Sa's coffin now no longer empty, but, apparently, with an "occupant," who fits exactly the space within the coffin. Lest anyone might suspect supernatural influences, we hasten to state that this effect of the coffin being occupied is produced by the ordinary process of reflection, with the aid of a kind of plane mirror which at the same time is

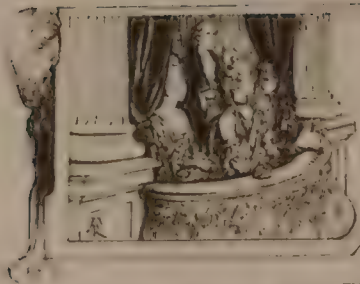
WITH THE "GHOST": THE SAME COFFIN OF SEBEK-SA, IN THE EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE GALLERY, APPARENTLY CONTAINING A PHANTOM OCCUPANT, REALLY A REFLECTION OF THE NEIGHBOURING FIGURE OF HES-PETÁN-AST, SEEN THROUGH A GLASS CASE CONTAINING A STATUE OF ISIS. (AN UNTOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH.)

transparent. This transparent plane mirror consists of the left side of the glass case through which the illusion is observed. The "occupant" is a reflection of another exhibit—the white stone effigy of Hes-Petán-Ast—which also stands against the Museum wall, but at a distance of sixteen feet from the empty coffin. The glass case is midway between the two wall exhibits, but stands six feet six inches in front of them. One of the glass panels reflects the image of Hes-Petán-Ast at an angle which coincides by accident with the position of the empty coffin's interior when the latter is looked at through the glass, and this explains the reason for what is popularly termed the "British Museum Ghost."

A—THE EFFIGY OF HES-PETÁN-AST.
B—THE EMPTY COFFIN OF SEBEK-SA.

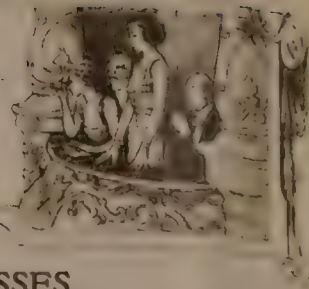


C—THE GLASS CASE.
D—DIRECTION OF OBSERVER'S VISION.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



ENGLISH PLAYS FOR JAPAN.—THREE ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESSES.

THERE is at the present moment in London a young Japanese student deeply interested in our World of the Theatre. Every night he goes to the play, sometimes to *premieres*, armed with a notebook in which he is seen scribbling copious comments. His mission is to collect modern English plays to be translated and produced in the language of Japan. For latterly—since 1924—there has been established a theatre called "The Little Theatre of Tsukiji," founded by a Japanese nobleman and an actor. The former (his name is Count Yoshi

view." Thus the producer, as it were, had to remould the nature of his players, to Europeanise them within and on the surface, and to harmonise their parlance to this regeneration.

Apparently the efforts were crowned with success. Vildrac speaks highly of the actors; he praises the women for their emotional powers, and the men for the care with which they comport themselves in Western raiment. The racial difference survives in phases, particularly in gesticulation—the actors seemed a little *gauche* and abashed at times; but on the whole the make-believe was astonishingly complete.

And so the modern drama has come to Japan to stay and to develop. There is talk of several other little theatres branching out from the fountain-head of Tsukiji. German and Scandinavian plays have already been acquired. English plays are to follow, and—it hardly needs mentioning—first on the list of the young pioneer who is filling his quiver in London stands Bernard Shaw with "Candida" and "Man and Superman," and Noel Coward's "Vortex" as a much-desired second. The pity of it that the Little Theatre of Tsukiji is so far away! "Candida" à la Japanese—what a weird prospect, and one that should commend itself to our Mr. C. B. Cochran! I'm sure all London would flock to the Pavilion to hear how Shaw sounds in the vernacular of Nippon.

When anon "Priscilla—the Rake," by Fanny Bowman, comes to London, the public will enjoy a pleasant, unpretentious play and the performances by three actresses of great accomplishments. In the play, Miss Louise Hampton, Miss Buena Bent, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan are three spinsters: one sour and dour, one still imbued with the milk of human kindness, the third, despite her forties, and as yet unwooded, full of life, of craving for adventure, for something to come which she does not quite realise, but which is romance and *the man*! The two elder sisters literally sit on their junior. They are agast at the flightiness of her thoughts. It is a miserable life in the impoverished yet genteel home somewhere in the backwash of the county. Then "Priscilla—the Rake," as she appears in her sisters' eyes—inherits a fortune from a male cousin who has made good in Australia, on condition that she emancipates herself, lives for a year in London, a free agent and in freedom.

No need to dip further into the amusing fairy-tale. Where there is money there are swains. And where there are swains there is likely to be trouble caused by *embarras de choix*. Well, Priscilla has her good time and her troubles with no fewer than four men—suitors all, from the hoary seventies to flighty twenty-five, which is exactly fifteen years below Priscilla's age. "There is no fool like an old fool" does not apply only to men. However, in the end

Priscilla marries her solicitor, who is her trustee in more senses than one, and so all's well.

But it is less of the play that I would speak than of the three sisters, a cheery English edition of the Tchekhov trio—not so real and nowise so profound, but types and remnants of the Victorian era such as still survive in places away from the main road of life. Miss Louise Hampton—an actress full of innate sweetness, but lately labelled the impersonator of hard women *par excellence*, and therefore condemned to play them until she has outlived that splendid, if one-sided, reputation—as the eldest sister, is the incarnation of old-world spinsterdom. Arrayed in taut silk, with a collar to her chin, with a chignon towering on her head, with features as haughty as if hewn in stone, with a smile that chills and never humour, she conveys an impression of lost illusions, of dried-up saps of life, of the woman unwooded, who looks upon love and courtship as sheer frivolity. She rules because she has forgotten all her ideals of yesterday, and to command and exact respect is her only



TO SING AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. SIGRID ONEGIN, OF THE STADTISCHE OPERA, BERLIN.

Mme. Onegin, who is a dramatic contralto, was born in Stockholm, but was taken to Paris as a child. From there she went to Wiesbaden, where she studied under Eugene Weiss, and thence to Milan, where she was under Professor di Ranieri, at the Conservatoire. She has had considerable success not only in Germany, but in the United States. The Covent Garden season is to begin on May 2.—[Photograph by Weiser.]

Hizikata) is a devotee of the European theatre. He has studied for three years in Berlin, where he saw many plays and was allowed to witness the best producers at rehearsal; later he went to Paris, and, much impressed by the methods of Copeau at the Vieux Colombier, he planned a similar theatre for Japan. The Little Theatre of Tsukiji is, in fact, a fairly exact replica of that renowned playhouse, which, since Antoine's Théâtre Libre, has done so much for the progress of the modern playwright and new methods of production.

It was not a small task to bring the Japanese theatre into European line, to train the actors to Western manners and expression. Women, as is well known, are not admitted to the Japanese boards. Sadi Yacco, whom we know here, was not a Japanese actress by record; she made her name in America, and for a long time was the only professional actress of her country. So Hazikata first of all had not only to train his actresses in the technical sense, but to teach them European modes and ways, and how to wear their dresses. Even more difficult was his task to render the native actors familiar with the expression of emotion, gesticulation, and facial display: for even on the stage the Japanese is what I would term mystic. As Vildrac, the author of the "Paquebot Tenacity" (produced by the Stage Society), says of Japanese actors, after having seen his own play performed at Tsukiji: "The manifestation of sentiment differs entirely from ours. A Japanese would be almost indecent if he declared his love ostentatiously, if he showed his passion, his sufferings, his despair. He must not exhibit his anger, his anticipations, his deceptions. To express all this he must adhere to ancient tradition of strange grimace, of make-up wholly foreign and bizarre to European ideas. In Japan—on the stage, as elsewhere in public—there is no kissing, no interlacing of arms between man and woman, no hanging on one another's necks, no confidential laying of hands on shoulders in token of friendship. All that would be "shocking" from the Japanese point of



GROCK AS A FILM ACTOR—AND WITHOUT THE FAMILIAR MAKE-UP: THE GREAT CLOWN AS WILLIAM DE BROKE IN "WHAT FOR?"

In "What For?" Grock plays the part of William de Broke, commonly called Stoney, a wandering minstrel.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. H. H. Kessler-Howes.



IN THE FIRST ALL-CHINESE FILM DRAMA TO BE SHOWN OUTSIDE CHINA: MISS MARY LI AS KIN-CHI IN "THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE."

(See Page of Illustrations Opposite.)

ambition. The second sister, Miss Buena Bent, gentler, feminine, is one of those who willy-nilly carry their yoke; she, too, is rigid and steeped in conventions, but deep down she has a heart—perhaps a broken one. The spirit of maternity is in her, and when she hears—an idle rumour—that Priscilla is "in trouble," she does not condemn, but weaves wonderful dreams of how she would cherish and nurture that prospective baby. She revels in the very thought and regains a mirage of her youth and slumbering emotions. In contrast to these two, Priscilla is all buoyancy, all hope, all illusions—the joy of living bubbles and spurts up in her. She craves for something "to love and adore," and of course, as often happens to the woman of forty, she thinks that she has found the ideal in a man much younger than herself. But she is brought to her senses by crude arithmetic: when she will be fifty, he will be thirty-five; when he will be forty-five she will be sixty—horrible thought! She may have ten happy years with him, but then—the deluge of misery! And then she sees clear: she must not separate that young fellow from the girl of his own age whom he really loves; she recognises that her fit mate is the man five years her senior—the man who knows life and has learned its lessons, of which "to cherish and to be considerate" is the first chapter.

It is in this transfer of affection that Miss Hilda Trevelyan is so adorable. With infinite subtlety she, as it were, lays bare her soul. Her portrayal is the perfection of autumnal romance. To her, to Miss Louise Hampton and Miss Buena Bent, we owe such pleasure as gently rouses our feelings when songs of Schubert conjure up visions of lovers and walks and painless woes in the springtide of life.

THE FIRST CHINESE FILM: "THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE."



THE BETROTHAL OF THE HEROINE, KIN-CHI (LEFT) TO AN ELDERLY WOOR: HER FATHER, THE MANDARIN (CENTRE), ARRANGING FOR HER TO MARRY TAH-JIN (RIGHT).



THE HERO ENCOUNTERS PARENTAL OPPOSITION: CHANG-WO (LEFT) IS REPROVED BY THE MANDARIN FOR PAYING COURT TO HIS DAUGHTER, KIN-CHI (CENTRE).



CONSTERNATION AMONG THE GUESTS ASSEMBLED FOR KIN-CHI'S WEDDING TO TAH-JIN: THE NEWS OF HER ELOPEMENT WITH CHANG-WO IS ANNOUNCED.



THE HAPPY ISLAND LIFE OF THE LOVERS AFTER THEIR ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE: (L. TO R.) KIN-CHI, CHANG-WO, AND KIN-CHI'S MAID, IN A DOMESTIC SCENE.



IN GORGEOUS WEDDING HEAD-DRESS AND ROBE: MISS MARY LI AS KIN-CHI.



AS KIN-CHI'S MAID: ONE OF THE CHINESE ACTRESSES IN THE FILM.



THE ARCHER, ONE OF TAH-JIN'S SOLDIERS, SHOOTING THE ARROW THAT KILLS CHANG-WO: A CHARACTER PLAYED BY A SURVIVOR OF A FAMOUS OLD CORPS OF CHINESE BOWMEN DISBANDED IN 1907.



CHANG-WO: A CLOSE-UP OF THE YOUNG CHINESE HERO OF THE PLAY.



WHEN TEETH WERE FILED TO DENOTE FEROCITY: TAH-JIN, THE REJECTED LOVER.

"The Legend of the Willow-Pattern Plate," the first Chinese film drama to be shown outside China, has an all-Chinese cast, and was originally produced in the studio of a British company at Shanghai. The outdoor episodes were taken in the country near Hangchow, the traditional scene of the legend 400 to 500 years ago. Her Majesty the Queen arranged to attend a special matinee performance of this film presented by the Gaumont Company, in conjunction with Captain N. A. Pogson, the original producer, at the New Gallery Kinema on February 21. The proceeds are to go to the Queen Alexandra Wing of the new Middlesex Hospital and St. Monica's Home Hospital for Children. The film will be released

for the public on February 28. The legend tells the tragic love story of a mandarin's daughter, Kin-Chi, who was betrothed by her father to the elderly and world-worn Tah-Jin, and eloped on her wedding day with her lover, Chang-Wo, who was afterwards killed by one of Tah-Jin's soldiers. The archer who shoots the fatal arrow is played by a man who served in the last battalion of famous Chinese bowmen, disbanded at Wuchang, opposite Hankow, in 1907. Captain Pogson found that Chinese amateurs make better film players than professional actors with their rigid and stereotyped methods. The period is before the introduction of pigtails, and foot-binding for women, by the Manchus about 400 years ago.



"OH TAUBADA!" (MASTER):
A LITTLE TROBRIANDER IN FESTAL
ARRAY.

"COPYRIGHT" DANCES OF PACIFIC ISLANDERS:

SCENES AKIN TO THOSE WATCHED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE MARQUESAS.

By ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S.

THE dance season in the Trobriand Islands is the most important event in their social system, and might almost be regarded as a harvest festival, since the garnering of the harvest opens the

The adolescent, full of lively coquetry reflecting the magic charm of youth and beauty, had abandoned themselves to a delirium of pleasure, manifested fully in entire freedom. The insinuating coquetry and non-chalant display of grace of the ladies was expressed with a piquant naïveté that charmed; while susceptible youths met the wiles of these enamoured and mischievous sylphs with ostentatious swagger, fortified with the bravery of their luxuriant plumage and ornate embellishments. Others were ardent, proud, presumptuous, the object of their advances returning their effrontery with sharp repartee. Rivalries and jealousies may have lurked beneath the surface, but no dissonant note was evident; a spirit of *camaraderie* permeated this brilliant, scintillating multitude.

The drummers and singers take up their position in the centre of the village, the majority of them bearing long wooden spears, survival of the days when raids were frequent. There are two sets of drums, treble

individually the merit of the performers varies considerably, and it is the ambition of every dancer to be one of the "Kasawaga," a trio of dancers who once every year perform a series of exclusive dances, and who are regarded by the Trobrianders as the *dernier mot* in this art. There



PREPARING FOR THE DANCE FESTIVAL:
A LITTLE TROBRIANDER DONS HER
GARLAND.

dance period. For the previous nine months these industrious islanders have been busily employed with their many tribal activities: agricultural work, canoe and hut building, and other industries. Consequently, when the festive season is ceremonially inaugurated, for a period of three months the vivacious Trobrianders abandon themselves to a hectic round of dancing, songs, love-making, intrigues, and perpetuating the "eternal triangle," and it is at this time of the year that the majority of marriages are arranged and disarranged.

It is a lively scene in a village during an important dance, and forms a parade in which the whole splendour of their society is exhibited. One of their larger dances at which I was present lingers in my memory. With masterly artistry, these primitive people had employed feathers, flowers, leaves, shells, and paint with most striking results, and their facial decorations, worked out in black, white, and red pigment, were of most elaborate and intricate fancyings. The girls, emboldened by the glamour of the hour, crowded round me with frivolous intent.



A SINGER AT A VILLAGE DANCE FESTIVAL IN THE
TROBRIANDS: A GIRL WITH PLUMED HEADDRESS AND
A BLACK "MASK" PAINTED ROUND HER EYES.

and bass, the latter being in the majority. These instruments are wooden cylinders decorated with carving, and an iguana skin stretched over one end; upon either side of the barrel there is a narrow ledge drilled with holes into which flowers are stuck; the drums are held at an oblique angle by a handle in the centre. The band tunes up, tentatively tapping on the drums to obtain the correct beat, the singers chanting in an undertone.

Then the dancers appear, their hair a mass of cockatoo plumes, which gives them the aspect of giant chrysanthemums. Their arms are decorated with streamers of pandanus leaf; waist, arms, and legs are encircled with white shells or belts of pink shell money, and a few wear the greatly prized *mwali* (white arm-shells): all are wearing women's skirts and bunches of cassowary plumes, stained scarlet at the tips. The leader has the scarlet feather of a hawk in the centre of his head-dress.

To the slow beat of the drums and rhythmic chanting, the dancers circled round the musicians, each of the dancers holding strips of pandanus, which they made ripple like wind ruffling the grass, swaying forwards, now left, now right, streamers flying, their brilliant plumage making dazzling spots of light, their glistening skin catching the fierce glare of the sun. The chant of the singers rose and fell to the vibrant, madly crashing drums, that made the air tremble with their riot, a sound that thrilled, quickening the pulses with its savagery. They came to a halt standing on one leg, which accentuated their already bird-like appearance.

Some of these dances are performed at almost walking pace, and the performers maintain a serious, almost melancholy, expression, as every movement possesses some significance. Both collectively and

are dances which are performed by both sexes, but the more important are danced by the men. Upon one occasion four girls joined in, which was strictly contrary to the rules of this particular dance. I learnt that their objective was to fascinate the Taubada (master).

All dances and songs are the copyright of the owners, and may not be performed in other villages unless the rights are purchased, for which a substantial sum in food and native valuables must be paid to the owners, who ceremonially hand over the rights, and later teach the purchasers the movements and words.

Many were the nights I spent in these Trobriand villages surrounded by the witchery of this mysterious land, with its curious odours and dreamy influence, listening to the haunting lilt of the songs and throbbing of the drums: sounds that weave their subtle magic, that holds and charms; music that echoes softly in the mind, filling one with longing and desire to return to those mystic, sea-scoured shores.



A MAN WEARING A WOMAN'S GRASS SKIRT: A TYPICAL
MALE DANCER IN THE TROBRIAND ISLANDS, WITH
FEATHERY HEADDRESS
Drawings by Ellis Silas, F.R.G.S.



PAINTED HALF-BLACK AND HALF-WHITE, WITH A
"CHIRGWIN" EFFECT OVER ONE EYE: A KASAWAGA
DANCER IN FULL FESTAL ARRAY—ONE OF A TRIO
REGARDED AS THE *DERNIER MOT* IN DANCING.

A TROBRIAND PARALLEL TO DANCES SEEN DURING THE "RENOWN" TOUR.

FROM THE DRAWING BY ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S.



LIKE GIANT CHRYSANTHEMUMS: COCKATOO-PLUMED MEN DANCERS IN THE TROBRIAND ISLANDS.

The Duke and Duchess of York saw some native dances at Nukahiva, in the Marquesas, when the "Renown" put in there recently on the way across the Pacific to New Zealand, and, at Fiji, natives with painted faces and bodies adorned with leaves and grasses. Although it is a far cry from thence to the Trobriand Islands, which lie off the coast of New Guinea (Papua), it is possible that there is some resemblance between the dances witnessed by the royal travellers and those which are illustrated on this and the opposite page. Describing the scene shown above, Mr. Ellis Silas writes in his article: "Then the dancers appear, their hair a mass of cockatoo plumes, which gives them

the aspect of giant chrysanthemums. Their arms are decorated with streamers of pandanus leaf; waist, arms, and legs are encircled with white shells, or belts of pink shell money, and a few wear the greatly prized *mwali* (white arm-shells); all are wearing women's skirts and bunches of cassowary plumes, stained scarlet at the tips. The leader has the scarlet feather of a hawk in the centre of his head-dress." The dancers here are all men. In the right background may be seen one of the cylindrical drums and two of the long spears mentioned by Mr. Silas in his description as survivals of former fighting days.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS being another Tutankhamen week in our pages, I have been allowing my thoughts to "play round" the singular lot of that much-buried King, in connection with a new book on ancient Egyptian history. For a forgotten man to spring into sudden and world-wide fame 3000 years after his death—a fame far greater than he could have enjoyed in life—is, I suppose, a thing unique in human annals. When Mr. Howard Carter and the late Earl of Carnarvon found his tomb in 1922, probably there were not a hundred people living who had ever heard of Pharaoh Tutankhamen. Now the earth rings with his name. A strange resurrection indeed!

But what intrigues me especially is the motive for burving with him all that wealth of household treasures—a proceeding that some might consider a waste of perfectly good furniture. Did the Egyptians believe in a bodily life after death? Did they think he could really use all those couches and chariots and jewellery? Or was it all symbolic—on the principle that, if the material couch was not there, no spirit couch would be provided? Another curious point is that all the monumental splendour was hidden away underground, in contrast to the European method of visible display above the surface, in all ages, from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus to the Albert Memorial! Again, why such lavish expenditure on Tutankhamen's funeral? Was it merely that the Egyptians "enjoyed an interment," or was it due to his personal popularity? Was he a Prince of Wales of his day? We know that he was young, and a complete sportsman. Perhaps he came to a romantic end. I do not recall any medical certificate as to the cause of his premature decease.

These be fascinating speculations, but—*revenons à nos moutons*. The first sheep to be sheared is "A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS," Vol. II., from the Accession of Amenemhet I. (Twelfth Dynasty) to the Death of Thutmose III. (Eighteenth Dynasty), 2111 to 1441 B.C., by Arthur Weigall, late Inspector-General of Antiquities, Egyptian Government, and Member of the Catalogue Staff of the Cairo Museum, illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 21s. net.) Thutmose III. died nearly a century before the reign of Tutankhamen, whose date is here put at 1352 B.C.; so our friend's name occurs in this book only incidentally. In a chapter on the chronology of the Eighteenth Dynasty, Mr. Weigall says of Tutankhamen: "Manetho calls him Rathot(is), based on Re-Tut, and describes him as brother of Akhnaton's daughter: actually he was brother-in-law. His reign is given by Josephus as nine years." I have seen varying views expressed concerning Tutankhamen's relationship to his heretical predecessor. Mr. Weigall appears to be definite on this point, so that his next volume may be expected to afford convincing evidence. As to the name "Re-Tut," it is interesting to find a historical basis for what I fear has become an irreverent abbreviation.

Mr. Arthur Weigall is well known as an Egyptologist who has the faculty of interesting the general reader in a subject that, without imagination, might be as arid as the sands of Thebes. "Can these dry bones live?" asked the sceptic. They can live beneath the magic wand of romance, and by its touch Mr. Weigall recalls from the dim past the shadowy figures of those old Pharaohs, emphasising throughout the human and personal side of their story. When I was at school, I regarded Pharaoh as "a single gentleman"—single, that is, in the general, not the matrimonial sense. I have learned since that he was even more than "a double gentleman"; he was, as you might say, a multiple gentleman—in short, "Pharaoh" was not a name, but a title. Mr. Weigall's present volume does not include the Pharaoh of the Exodus, but he develops a very interesting theory as to the sequence of Biblical events in earlier times, from the migration of Abraham from Ur to Egypt (about 2123 to 2111 B.C.) to the career of Joseph and the death of his father, Jacob. Briefly, Mr. Weigall suggests that "Joseph's release from prison and appointment to office were historical events which occurred in 1959 B.C., the year of the accession of Amenemhet III."

On many matters of chronology and interpretation, as Mr. Weigall points out, he offers new views at variance with other authorities. When doctors disagree, the patient can only suffer in silence what has disagreed with him. I am not a judge among Egyptologists. One point, however, that of literary style in translating from ancient Egyptian records, is not beyond the range of the workaday critic, and I agree with his preference for modernity to "old" English. "It is beyond my comprehension," he says, "why scholars should deem it scholarly to employ an eccentric pseudo-antique phraseology in bringing before the readers of to-day the literature of an age which was

to its writers just what ours is to us." This is the right spirit in which to popularise Egyptology.

Abraham on his great trek from the Tigris to the Nile (why did he not write a travel book?) doubtless passed through places familiar since to Colonel T. E. Lawrence, of Arabian fame, whose long-awaited *magnum opus* recently appeared as a pearl of great price among private publications. Some illustrations from it were given in our issue of Feb. 5, and I am interested to learn that the publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., will bring out on March 10 an abridged edition under the title of "REVOLT IN THE DESERT," at 30s. net, wherein many of the original illustrations will be included.

In dealing with various other historical works on this week's list, and switching about from age to age, I must borrow a hint from Mr. H. G. Wells's "Time Machine," which, by the way, is contained in one of the latest volumes (Vol. xvi., to be exact) of the delightful new Essex Edition of his works that Messrs. Benn are issuing. These dainty little books should enable Mr. Wells to extend his already enormous following, and conquer new worlds of readers. Some, perhaps, may prefer his old world of romantic prophecy to the more mundane "World of William

Mr. Brackett's reputation as

a connoisseur also makes it valuable as a work of reference. His aim has been to illustrate this development through seven centuries "in a compact form convenient to the average reader," and he adds that "a few pictorial illustrations have been introduced as well as views of interiors, in order to give some idea of the backgrounds of furnished rooms at different periods and to invest the subject with a human interest." I noticed on looking through the volume a certain similarity to the Tutankhamen couches in the animal-headed legs and arms of some early nineteenth-century tables and chairs, and, on turning to the letterpress on this period, I read that one George Smith, who published *The Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Guide* in 1826, "illustrated the lack of imagination and originality of his time by introducing designs for interiors in the Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, Gothic, and Louis XIV. styles." The English Royal State Barge of 1730 would, I think, have attracted Cleopatra for trips with her Roman Antony upon the Nile.

Cleopatra's affairs with Casar and Antony form a chapter in "HISTORIC LOVERS." By the late W. L. George. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), and the author refers to Mr. Weigall's "Life and Times of Cleopatra" as

"the most important book that has been published on the subject." Mr. George's own work, written in vigorous style and expressing decided opinions and personal preferences, emphasises the dramatic elements in historical tradition, for the entertainment of the general reader. The result is extremely readable. In choosing his queens of old romance he has had frequent resort to the time machine, for he skips gaily about the ages. After Cleopatra come (in the following order) George Sand, Helen of Troy, the Carlyles, Mary Stuart, Balzac and Madame de Hanska, Catherine the Great, Madame de Maintenon, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and Queen Victoria. Well has the poet said—

Vain the envious loam that covers
Her of Egypt, her of Troy;
Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
Still desire them, still enjoy.

It is interesting to read Mr. George's chapter on Madame de Maintenon and *le Grand Monarque* along with another on the same subject in "THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES." Studies from Court Life in the Later Years of Louis XIV. By G. F. Bradby. Illustrated (Ernest Benn; 12s. 6d.). Taken together, these two chapters—which agree in the main, though Mr. Bradby is rather more critical—sum up impartially a character that inspires respect rather than affection. Many other personalities of the period, including Louis himself, Monsieur, Madame, Monseigneur the Grand Dauphin, and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, provide the nucleus for other chapters in Mr. Bradby's well-written and scholarly book. "It is neither to its vastness nor to its art treasures," he writes, "that Versailles owes its unique attraction; but to this fact, that it stands for one complete epoch of history and for nothing else. The curse of most historical buildings is that they contain too much of history: the mind wanders restlessly from century to century." And of that doomed splendour at Versailles in the eighteenth century he says: "It is a strangely fascinating world: a world of reckless extravagance and false ideals. . . . One always hears behind it the rattle of the tumbrils and the roar of the Paris mob. For here, as nowhere else in history, a great drama was played out to the bitter end."

As the scene of that "bitter end," leading to the execution of a King, Versailles has affinities with Whitehall and the subject of "CHARLES I. IN CAPTIVITY." From Contemporary Sources. Edited, with an Introduction, by Gertrude Scott Stevenson, M.A. Illustrated

(Arrowsmith; 15s.). The author justifies her choice of a well-worn theme on the ground that all previous works upon it have been partisan and that "English history as expounded in the history books is notoriously inaccurate." Her own treatment is strictly impartial and scientific. "In describing this most fascinating period of the life of King Charles I.," she says, "it has seemed to the present writer more useful and interesting, even to the general reader, to set forth, with a minimum of commentary, the contemporary evidence." The book includes an account of the discovery of King Charles's body at Windsor in 1813, when a severed vertebra was abstracted as a souvenir. It was afterwards given to King Edward, who had it restored to the coffin. The strict attention to authentic fact shown in this book, with its abstinence from sentimental embroidery, seems to me far the best way of writing history.

C. E. B.



A FAMOUS EL GRECO AS A MEMORIAL OF AN AMERICAN ART COLLECTOR: "THE HOLY FAMILY" RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE ART MUSEUM OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

This superb example of El Greco's art has been presented by the Friends of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, to that museum in memory of the late Mr. H. J. Wade, an art collector who was held in great esteem. The picture was painted between 1592 and 1596, for the Parish Church of Torrejon de Velasco, near Toledo, and is one of many variations of the subject. El Greco, whose real name was Domenico Theotocopuli (or Teoscopolo), was born about 1548 in Crete, when it belonged to Venice, and died in 1625. He is said to have studied under Titian. From Venice he went to Parma, from Parma to Rome, and in 1576 to Spain. There he settled down at Toledo, and most of his pictures were painted there.

Clissold." Anyhow, he gives us worlds of interest, one might almost say, worlds without end.

In any article containing allusion to Tutankhamen, it is not incongruous to consider a book on the joiner's art. Those whose taste lies in that direction will rejoice greatly in "AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH FURNITURE." A Pictorial Review of English Furniture from Gothic Times to the Mid-Nineteenth Century; Edited with an Introduction by Oliver Brackett. With nearly 500 Illustrations (Ernest Benn; 42s.). This large and exquisitely produced volume is quite the most attractive of its kind that I have seen, not only for the beauty of the 320 full-page plates, but because it gives, within moderate compass, a representative view of the whole evolution in the art of furniture-making in England.

BLACKMAIL, MEDICINE, AND THE LAW: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER IN "INTERFERENCE."



SENTENCE OF DEATH: SIR JOHN MARLAY (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER) SHOWS PHILIP VOAZE (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL) THE X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS HEART.



LADY MARLAY PLEADS WITH THE VENOMOUS BLACKMAILER, DEBORAH: MISS HILDA MOORE AND MISS MOYNA MACGILL.



THE MURDER OF THE BLACKMAILER: PHILIP VOAZE (HERBERT MARSHALL) MIXES THE POISONED DRAUGHT FOR DEBORAH (MISS HILDA MOORE).



MURDER—BY WHOM? SIR JOHN MARLAY (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER) FINDS THE CORPSE OF DEBORAH (MISS HILDA MOORE).



THE TELL-TALE BOTTLE OF PRUSSIC ACID: SIR JOHN MARLAY (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER) FINDS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIS WIFE.



SUICIDE—NOT MURDER: SIR JOHN MARLAY GIVES HIS VERDICT TO DR. PUTTOCK IN THE PRESENCE OF THE POLICE.

"Interference," by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, which has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre, is a drama of blackmail, murder, and medicine. Faith Marlay, wife of Sir John Marlay, the great specialist, has been married before. Her first husband, Philip Voaze, wronged her before marriage, and she is being blackmailed by Deborah Kane, a woman he once loved. Lady Marlay is horrified to meet Philip in her husband's consulting-room, as she believed him to be dead. He has come to consult Sir John under an assumed name, and learns that he has heart disease, and will only live for a few months. Philip then visits Deborah. He goes with mixed feelings, determined to get the incriminating letters from Deborah and so save Faith Marlay, but also feeling that

Deborah might be a solace to him in his last months of life. His mood, however, changes, and, in a blind rage, he forces a dose of prussic acid on Deborah and leaves the corpse. The prussic acid was in a bottle seized from Faith when she was threatening suicide, and the situation becomes further complicated when Sir John Marlay visits the flat and finds that the poison has come from one of his own bottles. Lady Marlay has also visited the flat and left "clues" behind. The specialist suspects his wife, and sets the stage for "suicide" not "murder." The police are at first satisfied, but a "clue" is discovered, and the law seems about to close on Sir John or Lady Marlay. However, the murderer has kept the bottle-stopper, and confesses.—[STAGE PHOTO. CO.]

Jewels and Amulets on Tutankhamen's Mummy.

Their Disposition according to the Ritual of the "Book of the Dead."

In this number we add to our series of colour reproductions from the treasures of Tutankhamen's Tomb some of the wonderful jewellery found among the wrappings of his mummy, together with many other photographs, and diagrams showing how the objects were placed upon the mummy, according to the ritual prescribed in the ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." Our readers will be glad

from head to foot with jewellery of an amuletic and personal nature, included within the linen wrappings, the larger pieces being caught in alternate bandages which were wound crosswise and transversely.

The profusion of amulets and sacred symbols placed upon the king is of extreme significance, suggesting, as they do, how greatly the dangers of the underworld were feared for the dead. No doubt they were intended to protect him against injury on his journey through the hereafter. The actual meaning of many of them is not clear to us, nor do we know their exact nomenclature, nor the exact powers ascribed to them. However, we do know that they were placed there for the help and guidance of the deceased, and that they were made as beautiful and costly as possible.

The beauty of the personal jewellery gives us a vivid insight into the work of the skilled craftsmen of ancient Thebes. The Theban Court jewellers were naturally picked men, and here, in these beautiful specimens, we can discern the refinement of their art. We have

inlaid with semi-precious stones and mosaic glass. On the fingers of the mummy were two gold rings, and many other finger-rings had been deposited in groups above the hands.

The various objects shown in the diagrams in position on the mummy—including the pectorals, bracelets, and rings—may be studied in detail on the other pages of illustrations, in colour or otherwise. The perfume-box shown on the double-page in colour, it may be added, was not among the objects found upon the mummy, but was lying beneath the coffin that contained it—the innermost of the three coffins nested one within another inside the sarcophagus.

Apart from the jewellery, one of the most interesting objects on the mummy was the iron dagger shown in the first diagram (Fig. 3) on page 351. On this point we may repeat a passage from a previous article in our pages: "With regard to the daggers, each of which had a golden girdle, attention may be called to the one with a blade of iron that resembles steel, and is therefore a most important milestone in the development and growth of the history of civilisation. We have here the earliest authentic instance of iron overtaking bronze, and it was from this moment that Egypt, the greatest Empire of the Age of Bronze, showed her first signs of decline. There were two other specimens of iron among the King's ornaments—one in the form of an amuletic head-rest, the other a symbolical 'Eye of Horus' upon a gold bangle. This is vital. Accidental pieces of iron, mostly of uncertain date, were found in Egypt before these particular specimens, but in the present discovery we have for the first time absolute proof of the use of iron in the manufacture of arms of offence, amulets, and royal ornaments of a religious character."



FIG. 1. TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY IN DIAGRAM, SHOWING THE RITUAL PLACING (AS PRESCRIBED IN "THE BOOK OF THE DEAD") OF OBJECTS FOUND UPON IT: THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD GROUPS OR LAYERS OF OBJECTS ON THE THORAX WITHIN THE LINEN BANDAGES.

The objects here shown (according to the references in the top left-hand corner of the photograph) are as follows: (1) Four chased gold collars (E, F, G, and H) of Nekhebet, Nebti (i.e., Nekhebet and Buto), Buto, and the collar of "The Hawk," fastened round the neck by means of gold wire, each having its *Mankhet* or counterbalance at the back, the collars themselves covering the chest; (2) A large black resin scarab (G) suspended on gold wire reaching down as far as the *umbilicus* and bearing the spiritual *Bennu*-bird, finely inlaid with coloured glass; and (3) Another large collar (P), known as "The Collar of Horus," in chased sheet gold, its body covering the whole of the lower part of the thorax, its wings extending upwards under the arm-pits. Under these were other kinds of protective collars of far more elaborate nature, one of which, "The Collar of Nekhebet," is illustrated in colours on page 353 of this number.—[World Copyright Strictly Reserved.]

to learn that the second volume of Mr. Howard Carter's book, "The Tomb of Tut-ank-Amen," will be published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. early in March. In this volume Mr. Carter carries the story of the great discovery, made by him in association with the late Earl of Carnarvon, down to the opening of the sepulchre and the examination of the mummy.

THE general system of wrapping the mummy of Tutankhamen comprised a voluminous mass of fine cambric-like linen bandages, with folded sheets and linen pads placed where the latter were required to complete its Osiride form—it being necessary, according to custom, that royal mummies should symbolise Osiris the Great—god of the dead. The close association in mummification with that deity was, in all probability, due to the belief that Osiris was in many ways nearer than any other deity to man. For on this earth he suffered the pangs of death, was buried, and rose again from mortal death to immortal life.

Within the linen wrappings 143 objects, both of religious and amuletic purport and personal jewellery, were discovered. These objects were disposed in 101 separate groups, placed layer upon layer, in accordance with the ritual of the "Book of the Dead," over the head, neck, thorax, abdomen, and limbs of the mummy. In fact, the mummy was literally covered

in such specimens the culminating style of the Egyptian Eighteenth Dynasty in ornamental art—natural forms and symbolism associated to gratify and attract. They also show that love and respect were not merely accorded to the sovereign during his lifetime, but were continued to his memory after his death.

The six pencil drawings in diagram given on this and the opposite page are but a selection from a large and complete series of such diagrams made to record the exact relative positions of the objects placed upon the King's mummy. Especially remarkable is the diagram showing how the forearms of the King were loaded from elbow to wrist with magnificent bracelets of intricate scarab devices, granulated gold-work, carnelian plaques, and rich gold and electrum work; some having wristbands of flexible bead-work, others bands of rigid type ornamented with geometric and floral design

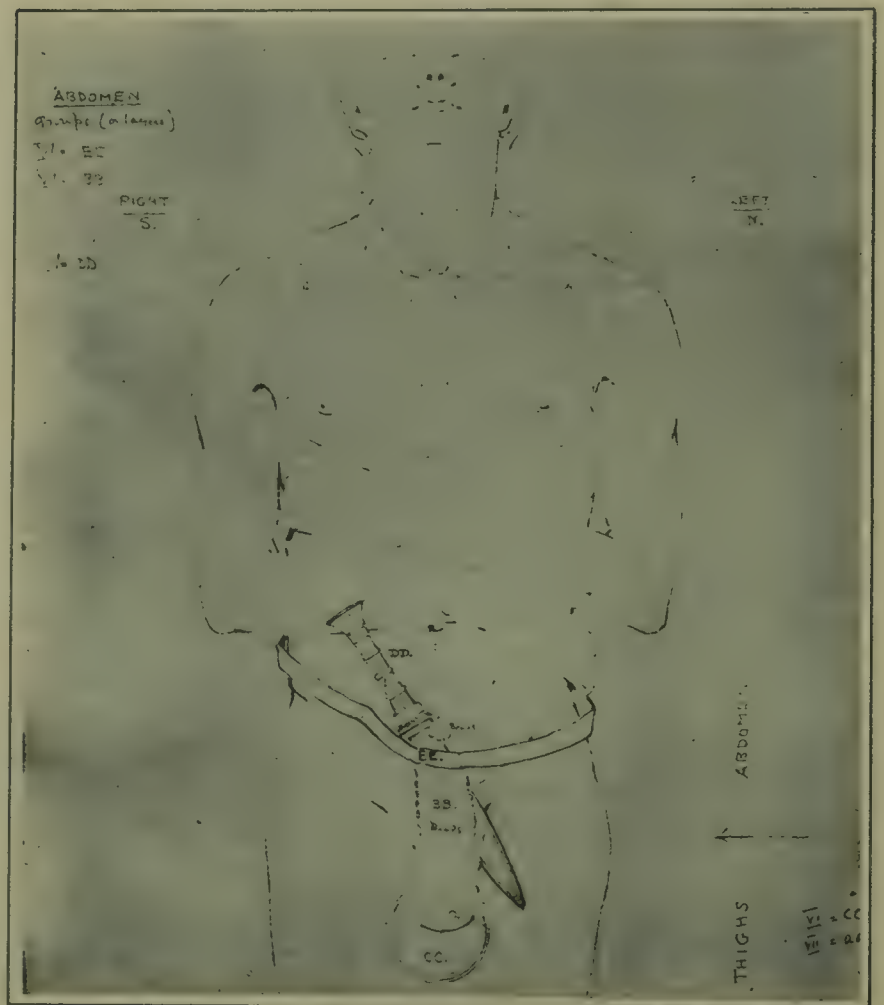


FIG. 2. THE GIRDLE AND THE GOLDEN DAGGER: OBJECTS FORMING THE SIXTH AND EIGHTH LAYERS IN THE RITUAL DISPOSITION OF FUNERARY ARTICLES ON THE MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN (SHOWN IN DIAGRAM) ACCORDING TO "THE BOOK OF THE DEAD."—[World Copyright Strictly Reserved.]

Examples of the "Eye of Horus," also known as the *Uzat* eye, may be seen in one of the rigid bracelets illustrated on page 352 in this number, and also in one of the pectorals on page 357. According to an ancient Egyptian myth, the sacred Eye of Horus was plucked out by his enemy, Set, in battle. Representations of it occur frequently in the symbolic designs of ancient Egyptian sacred art.

"BOOK OF THE DEAD" RITUAL FOLLOWED ON TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY.

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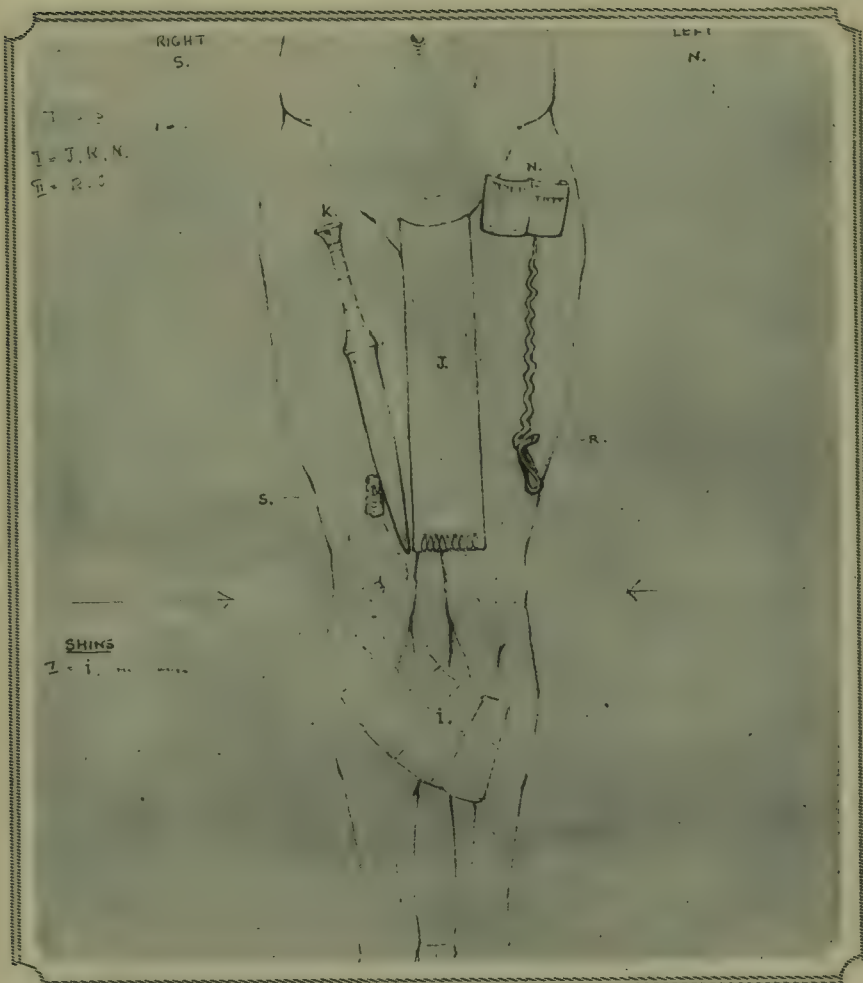


FIG. 3. OBJECTS OVER THE THIGHS AND SHINS: (J) THE CEREMONIAL APRON; (K) THE IRON DAGGER IN ITS SHEATH; (N) AN ANKLET; (R) THE BUTO SERPENT; (S) THE NEKHEBET VULTURE; (i) PARTS OF A FOLDED COLLAR.

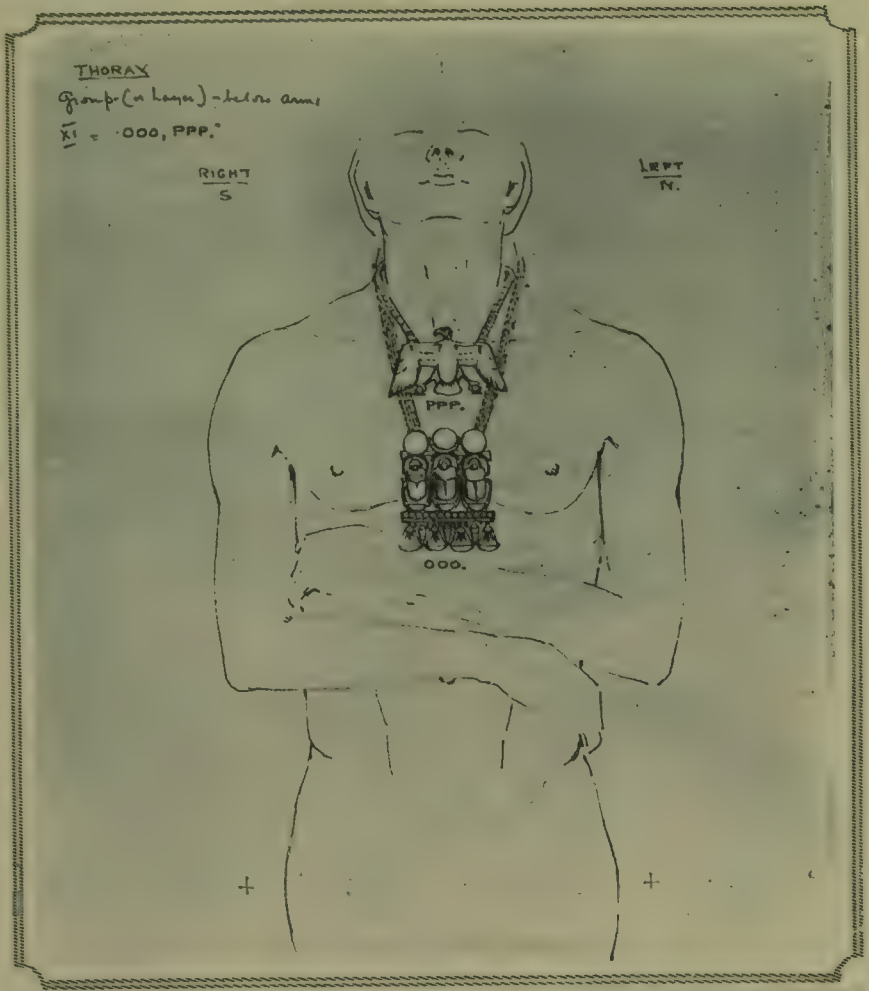


FIG. 4. THE POSITION (ON THE MUMMY) OF THE PECTORALS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON OUR DOUBLE-PAGE: (PPP) THE NEKHEBET VULTURE; (OOO) THE KHEPER BEETLES—OBJECTS IN THE ELEVENTH LAYER ON THE THORAX.

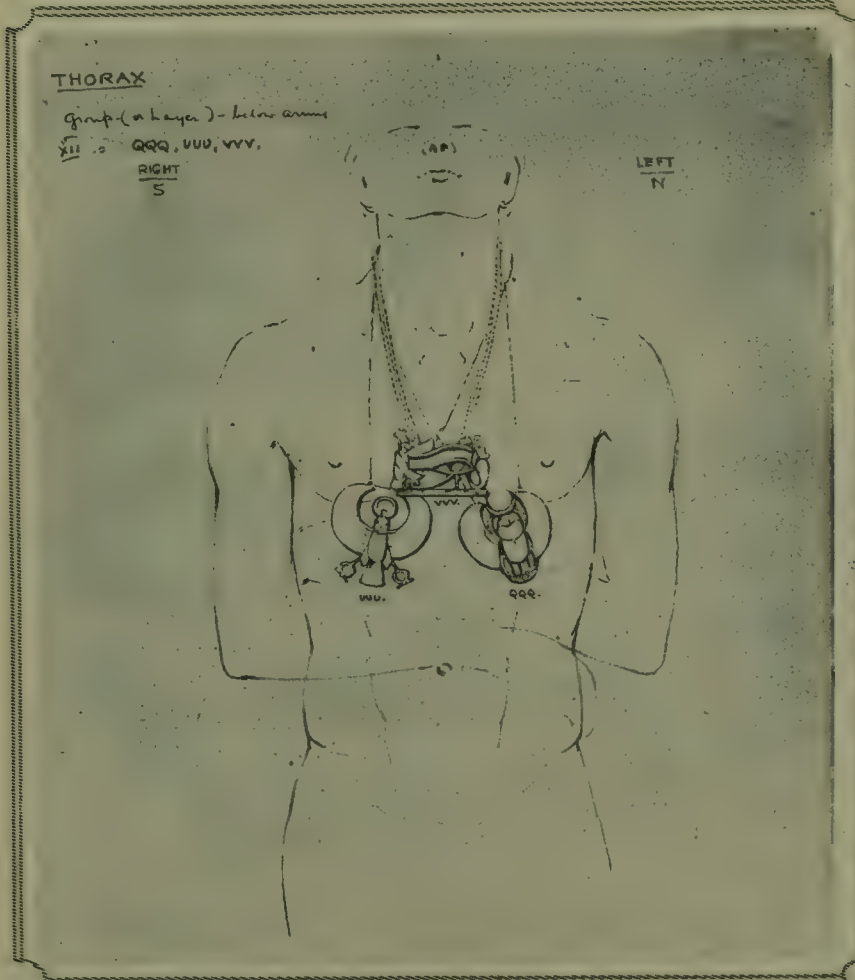


FIG. 5. THE POSITION ON THE MUMMY OF THE UZAT EYE PECTORAL (V V V) (SEE PAGE 357), THE SOLAR HAWK (U U U); LUNAR CRESCENT AND ORB (Q Q Q): OBJECTS FORMING THE TWELFTH LAYER OVER THE THORAX.

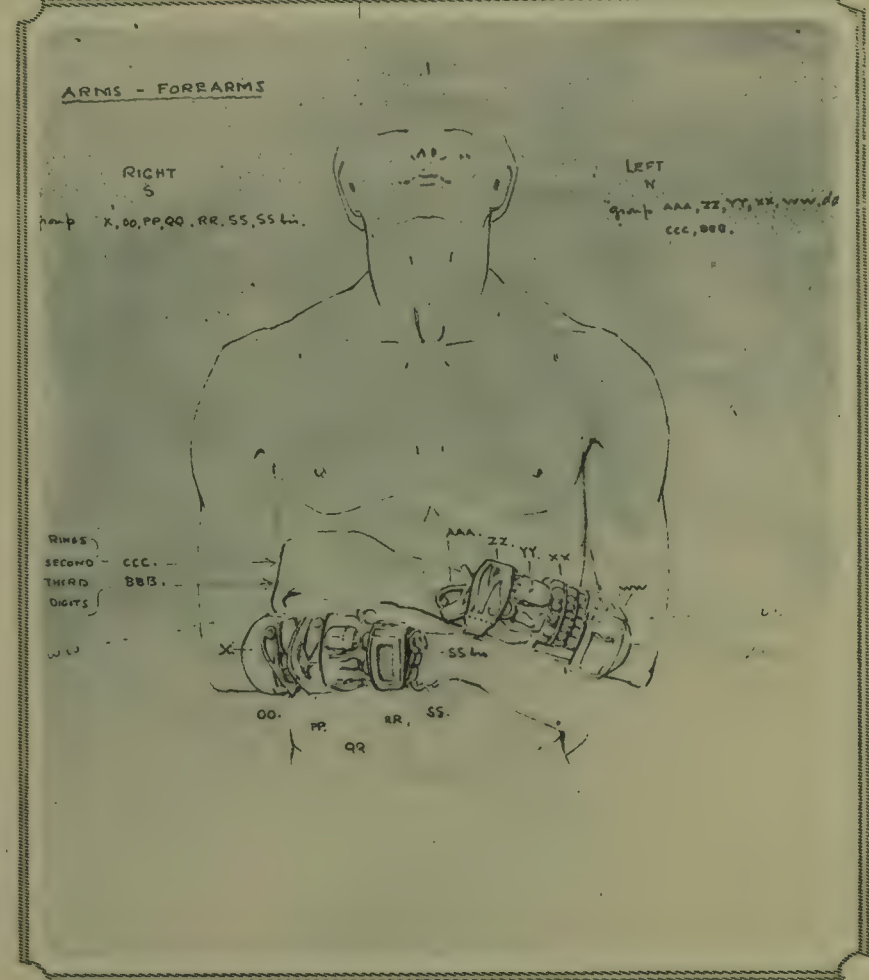


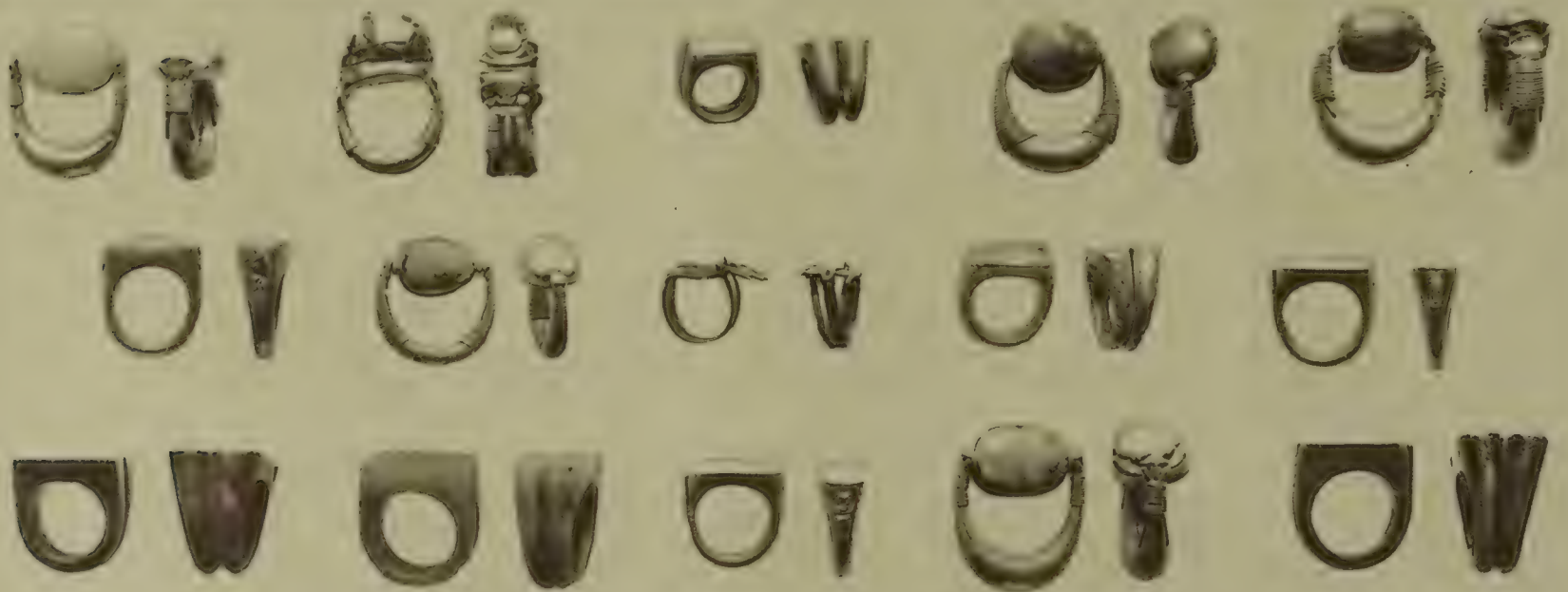
FIG. 6. LOADED FROM ELBOW TO WRIST WITH MAGNIFICENT BRACELETS (PAGE 352): THE MUMMY'S FORE-ARMS, WITH BRACELETS OF SCARAB DEVICES, GOLD AND ELECTRUM WORK, AND CARNELIAN PLAQUES.

The numerous objects (143 in all) found among the wrappings of Tutankhamen's mummy in various layers were disposed about the King's body in accordance with the ritual prescribed in the ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." The diagrams given above and on the opposite page are designed to show the positions on the mummy of some of the more important objects. Three of them—the Nekhebet Vulture and the Kheper Beetles shown in Fig. 4 above, and the Collar of Nekhebet in Fig. 1 on the opposite page, are among the jewellery illustrated in the full glory of their colour elsewhere in this number. These pectorals belonged

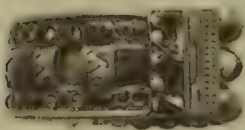
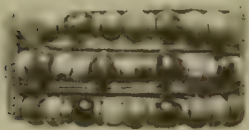
to the King's more personal jewellery. Fig. 6 above shows how the fore-arms of the mummy were loaded from elbow to wrist with magnificent bracelets of intricate scarab devices, granulated gold-work, carnelian plaques, and rich gold and electrum work. Near each wrist, and on the second and third fingers of the left hand, were a number of finger-rings. Many of the bracelets and rings are illustrated on page 352, and the Uzat eye pectoral (in Fig. 5 above) appears on page 357. Other examples of the Uzat eye are seen in two of the flexible bracelets. It is also known as the "Eye of Horus."

JEWELS FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY: RINGS AND BRACELETS.

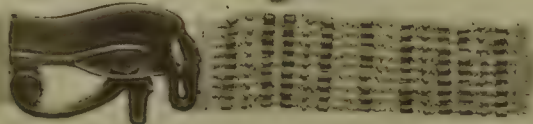
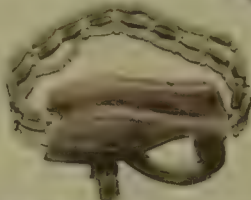
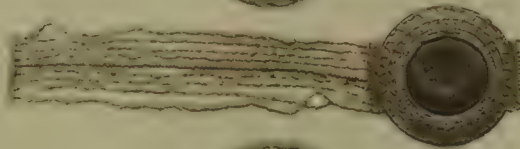
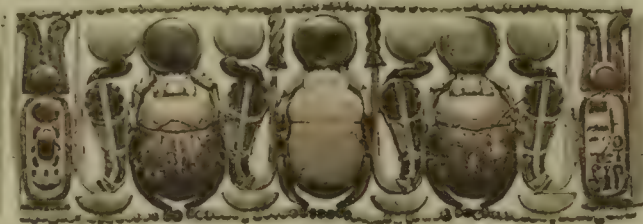
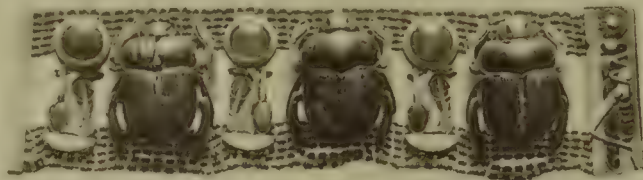
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



1. JEWELLERY OVER 3000 YEARS OLD IN WHICH THE PROTOTYPE OF THE MODERN HALL-MARK MAY BE DISCERNED: RINGS FOUND ON TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY, TWO OF GOLD ACTUALLY ON HIS FINGERS, AND THE REST GROUPED OVER THE HANDS—HERE SHOWN WITH THE CIRCULAR AND EDGE VIEWS OF EACH RING SIDE BY SIDE.



2. RIGID BRACELETS ON THE FORE-ARMS (SEE PAGE 351): (FRONT AND SIDE), THE LOWEST AN EPIDOTE.



3. FLEXIBLE BRACELETS ON THE FORE-ARMS (SEE PAGE 351); (FROM TOP DOWNWARD) TWO SCARABS AND URAEI; A SCARAB ON BEAD-WORK; TWO LAPIS LAZULI DISCS ON GOLD-WORK; TWO CARNELIAN UZAT EYES.



4. RIGID BRACELETS ON THE FORE-ARMS: (FRONT AND SIDE)—THE LOWEST ONE WITH A CROCODILE SCALE.

These photographs show the exquisite craftsmanship of the bracelets and rings found on the mummy of Tutankhamen, in the positions indicated by the diagrams on page 351 of this number. On the second and third fingers of the King's left hand was a gold finger-ring, and in the wrappings over his thorax and abdomen were two groups of finger-rings. Over the right wrist was a group of five, and beside the left wrist a group of eight. These are of massive gold, lapis lazuli, cloudy-white and green calcedony, turquoise, and one of black resin. Often, even when the devices upon the bezels included the King or his cartouches, his name was also engraved on either side of the loop of the ring, or on the under-surface

of the bezel—a distinguishing mark by which finger-rings may be identified as personal property of the Pharaoh, and possibly a prototype of the more modern hall-mark. Photographs Nos. 2 and 4 above show the rigid types of bracelets found upon the King's fore-arms. These bracelets are adorned with geometric and floral designs inlaid with semi-precious stones and mosaic glass, and are made to open and close by means of pin-hinges each side of the ornamental plaque. Mounted in the centre of the lower specimens is (in No. 2) a pale-green stone of the nature of epidote, and (in No. 4) a horny scale from a crocodile. Photograph No. 3 gives details of the flexible type of bracelets from the King's fore-arms.

FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY: GEMS OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



A GOLD PECTORAL, REPRESENTING THE BA-BIRD THAT WAS THE KING'S SPIRIT, BEAUTIFULLY INLAID WITH TURQUOISE, CARNELIAN, AND LAPIS LAZULI: A BREAST ORNAMENT FOUND AMONG THE OUTER TRAPPINGS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY—THE FIGURE WEARING A DIADEM SIMILAR TO THAT ON THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY ITSELF.



THE COLLAR OF NEKHEBET: A WONDERFULLY MADE FLEXIBLE PECTORAL (IN THE FORM OF A VULTURE WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS THAT COVERED THE WHOLE BREAST OF THE KING'S MUMMY, WITH THE WING-TIPS ON THE SHOULDERS) COMPOSED OF 255 SEPARATE GOLD PLAQUES FINELY INLAID WITH SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.

The exquisite workmanship and colouring of the jewellery found in profusion on the mummy of Tutankhamen may be appreciated by our reproductions. The art of the goldsmith and lapidary under the XVIIIth Dynasty of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, over 3000 years ago, is seen here in its perfection. The Ba-bird pectoral, representing the King's spirit, is of gold finely chased and inlaid with semi-precious

stones. The Collar of Nekhebet, found in the wrappings of the mummy, covered the whole breast, and the wing-tips enveloped the shoulders. The collar is flexible, being composed of 255 separate gold plaques, inlaid with red jasper, lapis lazuli, and opaque glass of turquoise colour. The plaques, or "feathers," have tiny eyelets by which they were threaded together, with blue faience and minute gold bead borders.

TREASURES BURIED WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY: MASTERPIECES OF THE XVIIITH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN JEWELLER.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



A NEKHEBET VULTURE PECTORAL OF GOLD INLAID WITH GREEN GLASS, LAPIS LAZULI, AND CARNELIAN, AND SUSPENDED BY FLEXIBLE STRAPS, WITH A PAIR OF HAWKS FORMING THE CLASP: ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S PERSONAL ORNAMENTS FOUND UPON HIS MUMMY.

It is not given to everyone to visit Egypt and see in person the treasures of Tutankhamen's Tomb, but the colour reproductions given on this and the preceding page will enable our readers to realise the exquisite beauty of the jewellery and other personal objects found on Tutankhamen's mummy, or within the nest of coffins. The pectorals shown above are two of five that formed the eleventh and twelfth layers of objects on the thorax of the mummy, and were the King's personal jewellery. The Nekhebet Vulture Pectoral is suspended by flexible straps of gold and lapis lazuli plaques strung upon threads, with a pair of hawks of cloisonné work forming the clasp at the back of the neck. It seems intended to symbolise the Southern Goddess—Nekhebet of El Kab, and is of gold inlaid



TUTANKHAMEN'S PERFUME-BOX, FOUND LYING UNDER THE INNERMOST OF THE THREE NESTED COFFINS: A GOLD CASKET (WITH SILVER PEDISTAL) OF DOUBLE CARTOUCHE FORM, SHOWING THE YOUNG KING AS HORUS BENEATH THE SOLAR DISC, WITH LID COMPRISING THE SOLAR DISC AND THE FEATHERS OF TRUTH. (HEIGHT, 6 TO 7 IN.)

TUTANKHAMEN'S perfume-box, here illustrated in its actual colours, was not among the hundred and forty-three articles of jewellery and amuletic ornaments found upon the King's mummy itself, but was lying under the coffin containing the mummy; that is, the innermost of the three coffins of anthropoid form, nested one within another, inside the great sarcophagus. This perfume-box, which measures from six to seven inches in height, is beautifully fashioned in gold, with a pedestal of silver, and testifies to the consummate skill of the ancient Egyptian craftsman. The front is in the form of a pair of cartouches, each representing the young King in the character of Horus, seated beneath the solar disc, to which are attached pendent uraei, together with the ankh symbol of life. The figures of the King, which are elaborately chased, show him holding in 14 hands the emblems of his royal office—the crook and the flail. The lid of the box is formed of solar discs surmounted by the "feathers of truth," inlaid with polychrome glass and carnelian. On the sides of the box, heavily chased, is a symbolical ornament denoting eternity. There is little doubt that this box once held sacred oils. The solar disc, it may be explained, represented that cult of the sun which was a basic element in the religion of ancient Egypt, whatever form it happened to take at different periods.



AN INLAID GOLD PECTORAL OF KHEPER BEETLES SUPPORTING SOLAR AND LUNAR DISCS, SUSPENDED BY STRINGS OF GOLD BEADS FROM A CLASP WITH AN INSCRIBED CARTOUCHE: ONE OF FIVE EXQUISITE PECTORALS FOUND ON TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY.

with green glass, lapis lazuli and carnelian. It is perhaps one of the finest specimens found upon the King, and even more charming than its inlaid upper surface is the chased gold back shown on another page. The pectoral of kheper beetles supporting solar and lunar discs of gold is inlaid as follows: the beetles and marguerites upon the lower bar are of lapis lazuli, the small pendent buds of carnelian, the large pendent lotus flowers and buds of polychrome glass. This intricate pectoral is suspended on five strings of plain and granular gold beads. The clasp of gold open-work inlaid with polychrome glass includes the emblems of "North" and "South," "Stability," "Royalty," and "Eternity," which support a cartouche reading: "The Beautiful God; Kheperu-Neb-Re (Tut-an-ikh-Amen), Amen-Re, Chosen of Re."



Painted by W. Dendy Sadler.

London: Published 1st June 1926 by John Dewar & Sons Ltd., Dewar House, S.W.1, the Proprietors of the Copyright.

Etched by James Dobie.

"TO KEEP OUT WIND & WEATHER"

*When the winds of chance blow roughly — keep on.
An even balance of inspiration and understanding, has helped
many a man to battle through; and it is unfailingly found in —*

DEWAR'S

TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY PECTORALS: A PHARAOH'S JEWELLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



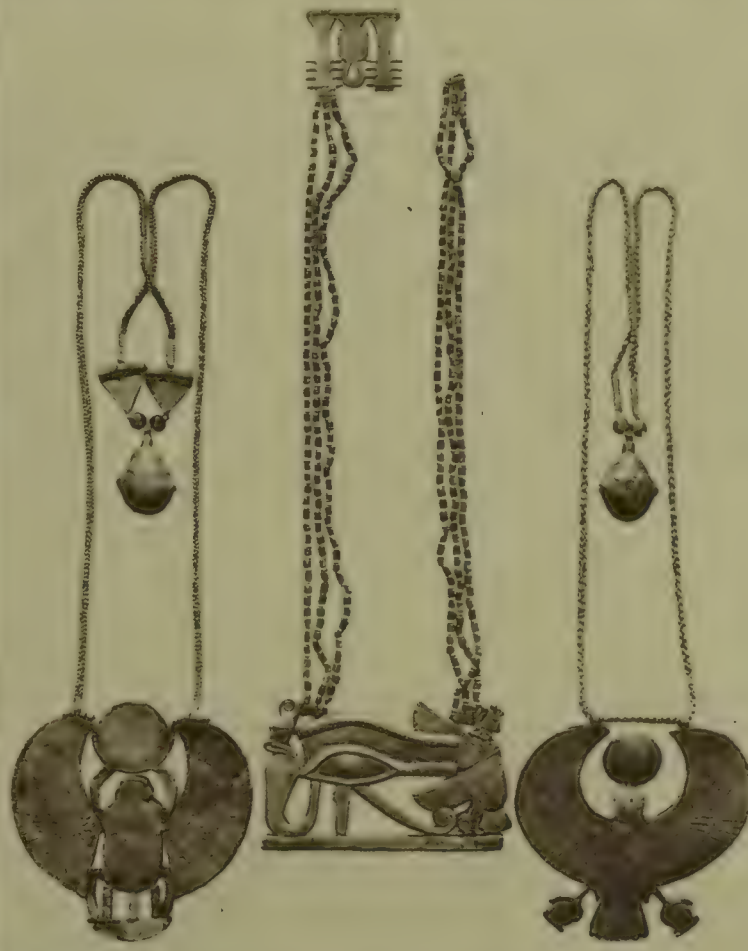
1. THE BACK OF THE NEKHEBET VULTURE PECTORAL REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGE 354: THE EXQUISITE FINISH OF THE UNDER-SURFACES, AS IN THE TINY PECTORAL ROUND THE VULTURE'S NECK.



2. THE BACK OF THE KHEPER BEETLES PECTORAL REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGE 355: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF CONSCIENTIOUS FINISH IN THE ACCURATE CARVING OF THE BEETLES.



3. A JOKE IN TUTANKHAMEN'S JEWELLERY? THREE PECTORALS FROM HIS MUMMY—(L. TO R.) THE SOLAR HAWK, THE UZAT EYE, AND THE LUNAR ORB AND CRESCENT, THE LAST INCORPORATING A PLAY ON HIS NAME.



4. THE BACKS OF THE THREE PECTORALS SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION, AND SHOWN HERE IN REVERSE ORDER: THE UNDER-SURFACES OF PLAIN GOLD BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED WITH TOOL-WORK.

The pectorals of the Nekhebet Vulture and the Kheper beetles are reproduced in the full splendour of their colour on a double-page in this number, and are there described. Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 above show the backs of the same two pectorals and the exquisite finish of the under-surfaces. This is especially notable in the figure of the Vulture, which has round its neck a tiny pectoral consisting of the King's cartouche supported on either side by uraei. The execution of the under-parts of the beetles is very remarkable. Though conventionally treated, each essential detail is observed and represented, and the articulation of its sections carefully rendered. This conscientious workmanship is equally evident in the three other pectorals shown (front and back) in Photographs Nos. 3 and 4. From left to right (in No. 3) they represent—(1) The Solar Hawk, of gold *cloisonné* work with body of openwork enclosing a green stone. (2) The Uzat Eye, of

gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, a pale greenish stone, and polychrome glass. This beautiful pectoral, suspended on red, green, and blue faience bead strings fastened by a clasp of *Ded* and *Thet* symbols, embodies emblems of Upper and Lower Egypt, with the sacred Eye of Horus, which, according to the ancient myth, was plucked out in battle by his enemy, Set. (3) The Lunar Orb and Crescent, of gold inlaid with polychrome glass, imitation lapis lazuli, turquoise, and carnelian. This interesting pectoral is so devised as to incorporate a play upon the King's name. The design is a winged scarab holding in its fore-legs a lunar disc and crescent, in its posterior legs the plural determinatives and the *heb* festival sign, thus reading: *Kheperu-Heb-Aah* in place of *Kheperu-Neb-Re*, the King's prenomen. Attached to the suspending gold chains of the Solar (left) and Lunar (right) pectorals are heart pendants of carnelian minutely inlaid with the King's cartouches.

THE CHINA SCENE: WAR-SHIPS AND TROOPS AT SHANGHAI;

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N.



PART OF THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET OF TWENTY-ONE SHIPS AT SHANGHAI: A LINE OF CRUISERS ANCHORED OFF THE BUND, INCLUDING H.M.S. "ENTERPRISE," THE "JULES MICHELET" (FRANCE), THE "PITTSBURGH" (U.S.A.), AND A JAPANESE CRUISER.



THE SHANGHAI SCOTISH, HEADED BY THEIR PIPERS, SALUTING THE CONSULAR BODY WITH "EYES RIGHT": AN INCIDENT DURING A PARADE (THE LARGEST EVER HELD) OF 1200 SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS AT THE RACE CLUB.



ARMOURED CARS OF THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEER CORPS, WITH THEIR CREWS, ON PARADE: PART OF THE WELL-EQUIPPED FORCES OF THE ONLY CITY WITH ITS OWN "ARMY."



PUNJABIS SINCE TRANSFERRED BACK TO HONG-KONG ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI: MEN OF THE 5th BATTALION 2nd PUNJAB REGIMENT, RESTING ON THE RACECOURSE.



SAIGONESE TROOPS (IN "LAMP-SHADE" HELMETS), FROM ANHANG LANDED AT SHANGHAI TO HELP PROTECT THE FRENCH CONCESSION: A FORCE THAT INTERESTED THE CHINESE CROWD.

CANTONESE PERSONALITIES; AND A DEFEATED OPPONENT.

UNDERWOOD, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK: THE GENERALISSIMO OF THE CANTONESE ARMY.



KAN HA-KWANG: CANTONESE GOVERNOR IN KWANGTUNG PROVINCE AND CHAIRMAN OF THE KWANGTUNG DELEGATES CONFERENCE.



CHEN KUNG-PO: ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE CANTONESE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT AT HANKOW, AND CONNECTED WITH PROPAGANDA.



MR. WANG CHING-HWEI: THE FORMER SHANGHAI AGENT OF DR. SUN YAT-SEN, AND EXPECTED TO LEAD THE KUOMINTANG CONSERVATIVES.



GENERAL SUN CHUAN-FANG: THE "ANTI-RED" LEADER WHOSE RECENT DEFEAT NEAR HANGCHOW OPENED THE CANTONESE WAY TO SHANGHAI.



MRS. HO HSIANG-MING: ONE OF THE WOMEN LEADERS OF THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT, CONCERNED IN SOCIAL WORK.



GENERAL LU-TIH-PING, FIRST LIEUTENANT TO GENERAL HO YING-YAM, COMMANDING IN CHEKIANG AGAINST SHANGHAI.



GENERAL YANG SEN, OF WAHHSIEN NOTORIETY: THE SZECHUAN MILITARIST WHO WENT OVER TO THE CANTONESE.



GENERAL HO YING-YAM: THE CANTONESE COMMANDER OPERATING IN CHEKIANG AGAINST SHANGHAI.



MRS. SUN YAT-SEN: THE WIDOW OF THE LATE DR. SUN YAT-SEN, LEADER OF THE KUOMINTANG—THE CHINESE NATIONALIST PARTY.



GENERAL TANG SENG-CHIH: THE TUPAN OF HUNAN, FIRST LIEUTENANT TO GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK, AND ON THE NATIONALIST EXECUTIVE.



MR. SUN FO, SON OF THE LATE DR. SUN YAT-SEN: THE MINISTER OF COMMUNICATIONS IN THE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT.



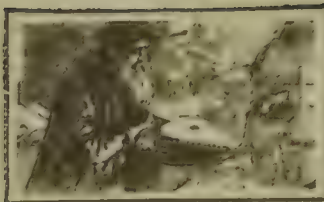
GENERAL TENG YEN-TA: THE HEAD OF THE NATIONALIST POLITICAL BUREAU, AND DIRECTOR OF STRIKES AND PROPAGANDA.



GENERAL TAN YEN-KAI: THE EX-TREASURER OF HUNAN, ON GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S STAFF AND THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

At the moment of writing the principal events in China, since our last number appeared, have been the Cantonese victory over Marshal Sun Chuan-fang, the Military Governor of the Shanghai area (with the consequent fall of Hangchow and a direct menace to Shanghai), a general strike at Shanghai, and the signing of an Agreement at Hankow between the British Diplomatic Representative, Mr. O'Malley, and the Nationalist Foreign Commissioner, Mr. Eugene Chen. This agreement provides for the dissolution of the British municipality there and the transference of the administration of the Concession to the Chinese on March 15. "Upon the dissolution of the British Council," says Reuter, reporting the terms, "the Nationalist Government will forthwith set up a special Chinese municipality modelled upon that of the Concession area, under regulations which will be communicated to his Majesty's Minister by the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government. These regulations will remain in force until . . . the amalgamation of the five existing foreign Concessions in Hankow and the

former Concessions into one united municipal district." The defeat of Sun Chuan-fang's forces in Chekiang was due to the sudden defection of one of his subordinate generals, Pei Pao-shan. Large numbers of the defeated army, including many wounded, found their way to Shanghai. Sun Chuan-fang was later reported to be still in command of 60,000 troops, and to be rallying them at Kashing, while his Shantung allies occupied Nanking. On the 21st it was stated that the general strike at Shanghai was spreading, and that 100,000 men were idle; meanwhile the Chinese police, armed with swords, had orders to execute agitators or looters, and had already summarily beheaded twenty such offenders. The 650 Punjabis who had been sent to Shanghai from Hong-Kong were moved back to Hong-Kong, probably for climatic reasons. By February 18 the total British shore forces at Shanghai, apart from Marines, numbered 8000. There were twenty-one foreign war-ships, and others were expected. The French settlement, which is separate from the rest, was reported to have well-equipped defences.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



OUR COMING FORESTS AND THEIR INSECT FOES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE Great War revealed many unexpected weaknesses in our household affairs—among them our woeful neglect of forestry. As soon as this came to be properly realised, a British Commission of Forestry was appointed to take the matter in hand. Meeting in London in 1918, the Commissioners invited our serious attention to the fact that our dependence on imported timber is a great source of weakness in time of war; that our supplies of timber, even in times of peace, are precarious, and lie too much outside the Empire; that afforestation would increase the productiveness and population of large areas of the British Isles which are now little better than wastes. It is comforting to know that considerable progress has been made since that memorable date, for planting in suitable areas has made no little progress. But it is to be hoped that its pace, if possible, will be quickened, for forests are not made in a day, or even a few years. The silviculturist has to sow and plant for generations yet unborn.

The grave urgency of this work seems to be quite unrecognised among the rank and file of our countrymen. How many are aware that nine-tenths of our timber is supplied from abroad; or that the vast forests of Canada and the United States are estimated, on the present rate of felling, to last no more than another twenty-five years? This being so—and the estimate is by no means exaggerated—it is clear that increasingly diminishing supplies from these sources are inevitable. This appalling prospect is largely due to the demands made on these sources of supply—which a generation ago, would have been deemed inexhaustible—for the produce of wood-pulp for paper-making. It is devoutly to be hoped that the de-forested areas have been, and are being, as rapidly replanted. The world

land would be cleared only as and when required. In the face of these depressing facts it is reassuring to find that serious efforts are being made at home to avert disaster. Planting on an extensive scale has already been done in the Wyre Forest, Worcestershire, on the warrens and heaths of Thetford, and on the Rendlesham estate in East Anglia. The area of the new Thetford forest is no less than 25,000 acres.

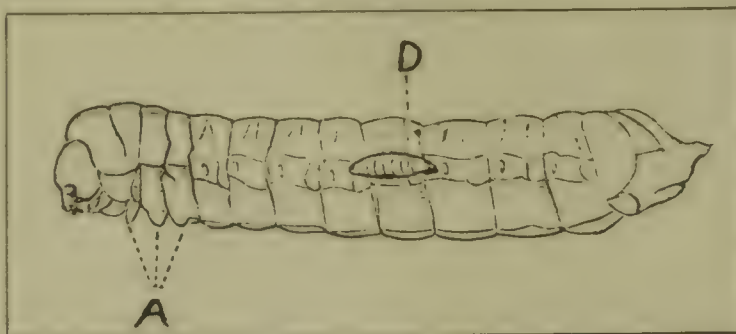


FIG. 1. THE WOOD-BITER BIT: A SAW-FLY LARVA WITH A PARASITIC ICHNEUMON-FLY LARVA (D) ATTACHED AND DRAINING ITS VITAL JUICES.

The white and practically limbless saw-fly larva has a very delicate skin, which affords no protection against the attack of the parasitic larva of an ichneumon-fly, which lives upon its tissues and eventually causes the death of its victim. The parasite is shown at D. Vestigial legs are indicated by the letter a. (After Riley.)

A total of some thousands of acres could be added by planting the countless and hideous pit-mounds of mining areas. Those who approach Llanberis from the south must have been appalled, as I was a year or two ago, when suddenly confronted with the mountainous piles of broken slate thrown out from the slate quarries at the southern end of Llyn Padarn, one of the most beautiful lakes in Wales. Even then a few self-sown conifers were striving to conceal this horror. Judicious planting would do much to restore the beauty of this sheet of water and at the same time to increase our national resources. Many, and I am among the number, view with sorrow the replacement of our heaths by great forests of conifers. But we cannot have our cake and eat it too. I would rather see new forests than new roads, made yet more uninviting by hideous petrol-pumps and advertisement hoardings.

To the bird-lover pine-woods are disappointing, for their somewhat gloomy interiors inhibit any undergrowth, with a consequent dearth of insect life which attracts birds. They live on the fringes of forests rather than in them. These places, however, are by no means devoid of life, and of this the forester is but too well aware. For wood-boring insects of all kinds give him no peace, and these marauders are extremely difficult to keep in check—to keep them out is impossible. We have already many species of wood-boring beetles, and their numbers will increase as their food supply. Some attack the bark, some the wood, sound and unsound. And now an additional anxiety is added in the by-no-means remote possibility that new enemies may be imported in foreign timber, which in future will have to be carefully inspected before it is brought inland.

Woodpeckers will render us good service; and in some cases very helpful work may be done by encouraging the insect-parasites

of these wood-borers. Let me take the case of the giant saw-fly and its parasite as an example. The saw-fly (Fig. 3), which to the uninitiated is often mistaken for a hornet, owing to the black and yellow rings which encircle its body, may prove a serious menace. To-day it is by no means a common insect. But it is dangerous to the trees only during its larval stage. The female bears at the end of her body what is commonly

regarded as a huge "sting" (Fig. 3). Really it is a very wonderful boring apparatus, too complicated to be described here. With this she contrives to pierce the solid wood of trees—but not perfectly sound wood—and lays therein about 100 eggs, either in different parts of the same tree or distributed among a number. The eggs pass down the centre of the tube of the boring-tool into the wood. Here they hatch, and the larva proceeds to eat its way into the heart of the tree, spending in its work of destruction as much, apparently, as two years before it becomes full-fed. After this it does not always emerge immediately, but may remain quiescent for a long period.

Hence the need for inspecting imported timber, for the full-grown insect has been known to escape from timber which has been used for furniture.

But the saw-fly has a deadly enemy in an ichneumon-fly, *Thalessa*. The female has an ovipositor three or four inches long. When it desires to deposit an egg, this wonderful apparatus, which is excessively slender, is brought up over the back, and then thrust vertically downwards into the burrow of the saw-fly (Fig. 2). This done, an egg is deposited, and the larva emerging therefrom speedily and instinctively makes its way to the body of its victim. Should this be already well grown, it anchors itself on to its side (Fig. 1) and proceeds to live on its juices. Sometimes it has the misfortune to find a victim so small that both die before long, the one having been sucked dry, the other from having exhausted its food supply.

How the parasitic ichneumon discovers the burrows of its victims is a mystery. Sometimes, it would seem, it makes a mistake, and deposits its egg where there is no burrow, and as a consequence the emergent larva soon dies. In attacking a half-grown larva it may be carried far into the tree, as its victim, as is its wont, bores deeper and deeper into the wood. When the time for emergence comes, the original occupant of the burrow being dead, it has to gnaw a way out for itself. It may be found possible to breed these ichneumon-flies in captivity, releasing the full-grown insects in woods which have become infested with the saw-fly. The experiment would be worth making, for in the forest areas of the Continent the saw-fly is a terror that walks by night—and flies by day. The trouble is that the tree itself shows no evidence of having been attacked; it is not till the tree is felled and sawn up that the mischief done is discovered. A sign, however, that trouble is brewing is given when the adult insect becomes conspicuous owing to its numbers.

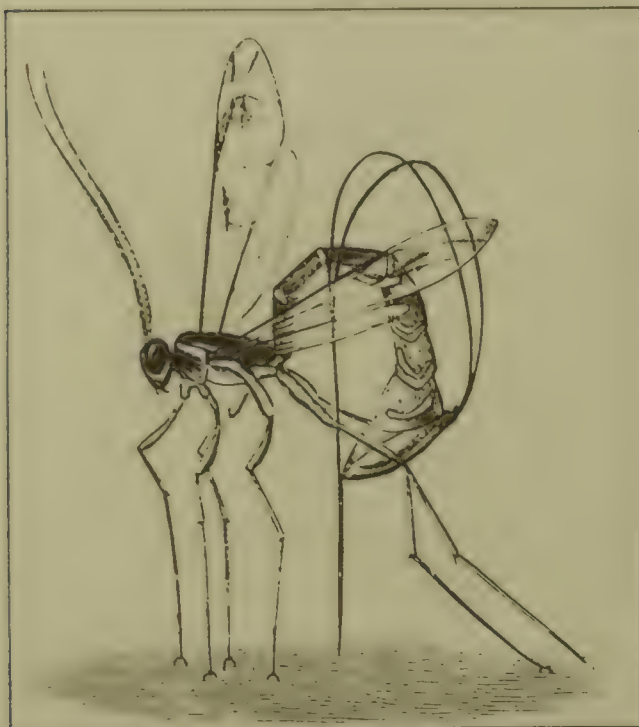


FIG. 2. AN INSECT FRIEND OF THE FORESTER AND Foe OF THE SAW-FLY: A FEMALE ICHNEUMON-FLY (*THALESSA*) THRUSTING AN EGG INTO A SAW-FLY BURROW WITH ITS WONDERFUL 4-INCH OVIPOSITOR CURVED OVER THE BACK. The parasitic ichneumon-fly (*Thalessa lunator*), by means of a long and singularly delicate ovipositor, which is turned upwards over the back, inserts an egg into the saw-fly burrow. But how this minute aperture is discovered is as yet unknown. (After Riley.)

has used, and is using, its wood-supplies with the recklessness of a spendthrift; it is living on its capital, with no thought of to-morrow or the day of reckoning. This wantonness is deplorable. I was told, a year or two ago, that whole forests of hardwood trees in New Zealand were being cut down and burned where they lay, for the purpose of making clearings for prospective settlers. One would at least have supposed that so considerable a potential source of wealth would have been conserved as long as possible—that, in short, the forest-



FIG. 3. A MENACE TO TREES IN ITS LARVAL STAGE: THE GIANT SAW-FLY, THE FEMALE OF WHICH HAS AT THE END OF HER BODY A LONG BORING-TUBE THROUGH WHICH EGGS PASS INTO THE WOOD.

Our largest saw-fly (*Sirex gigas*) is nearly two inches long, not including the antennae. It is a rather rare insect, but may very rapidly increase with the extension of pine-woods. On the Continent it inflicts great damage.

IN THE CAPTURED "GARDEN OF CHINA": SACRED CARP AT HANGCHOW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.



A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN HANGCHOW, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE CANTONESE: A POND WITH SACRED CARP.

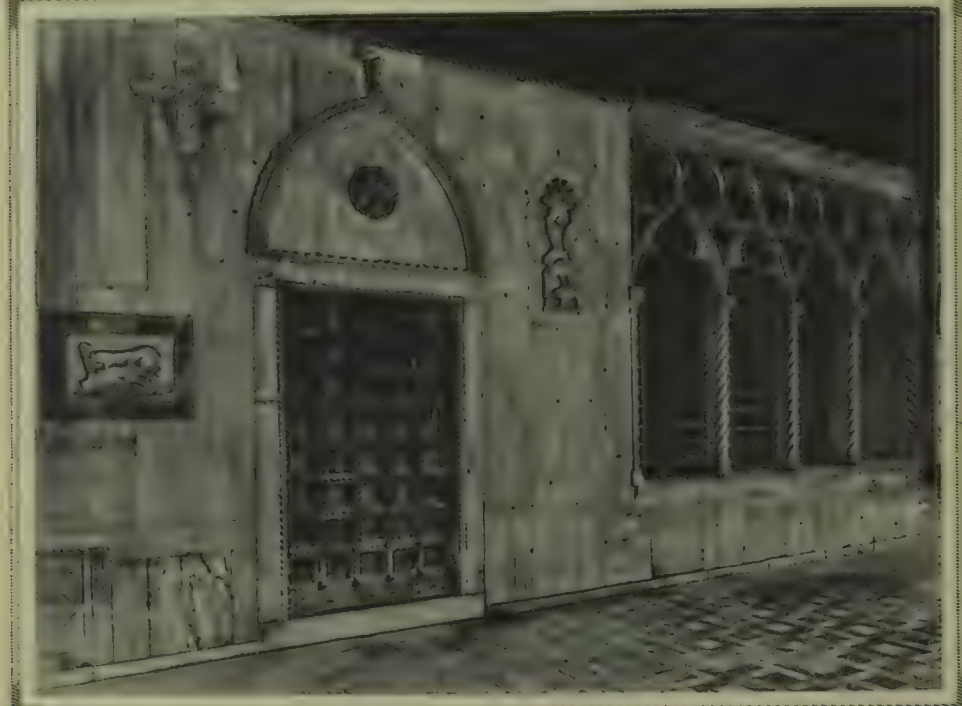
The sacred carp seen swimming about in the water number thousands, and are said to live to a great age. They are quite fearless, and rush to be fed as soon as a visitor approaches the edge of the artificial pond. Hangchow, whose recent fall to the Cantonese invaders opened their way to Shanghai, is thus described in an article by C. Mansel Reece, in the "Morning Post": "She is called the Garden of China, and in her surroundings she possesses all the elements of a Chinese garden. Upon the hills that slope down to the lake she has the azaleas and peach-blossom in their season, lower down the familiar

bamboo clusters, and upon the shores of the lake the tallow trees, the camphor, and the maple. The ancient pagodas and weather-beaten temples stand back upon the hills looking down on the water, while the lake itself is attractive with its setting of small islands bearing their inevitable Chinese shrines." Hangchow was visited by Marco Polo, who thought it the finest city in the world. Its commercial importance has dwindled and it has become a city of pleasure. There are no foreign concessions, and only a small white population. All foreign women and children were evacuated some weeks ago.

A GREAT ART BEQUEST TO ITALY: THE FAMOUS CÀ D'ORO AT VENICE.



1. A BEAUTIFUL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC PALACE ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE BEQUEATHED, WITH ITS ART TREASURES, TO THE ITALIAN NATION: THE CÀ D'ORO, OR GOLDEN HOUSE (RIGHT CENTRE) SO CALLED FROM THE GOLD USED ON ITS FAÇADE.



2. THE INTERIOR PORTICO OF THE CÀ D'ORO, ONCE THE HOME OF TAGLIONI, THE FAMOUS DANCER: A VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE OLDEST VENETO-BYZANTINE MARBLE RELIEFS, RECALLING EARLY WELL-HEADS OF CANDIA.



3. A REMARKABLE MARBLE WELL-HEAD SCULPTURED IN 1427 BY BARTOLOMEO BUON, ONE OF THE ARCHITECTS OF THE CÀ D'ORO: A FEATURE OF THE PALACE COURTYARD.



4. ANOTHER PART OF THE BEAUTIFUL COURTYARD OF THE CÀ D'ORO: THE MOSAIC PAVEMENT UNDER THE COLONNADE, AND UPPER WALLS WITH MURAL RELIEFS, PILLARED WINDOWS AND BALCONY.



5. A CLOSE VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT FAÇADE ON THE GRAND CANAL: PART OF THE CÀ D'ORO AS SEEN IN NO. 1—CARVED CAPITALS AND ARCHES, BALCONY BALUSTRADES WITH ANIMAL FIGURES, AND MURAL DECORATION.

The Cà d'Oro was built in 1421-1436 for Piero Contarini by Matteo Raverti and Giovanni and Bartolomeo Buon. Its name (originally "Domus Aurea"—the Golden House) was due to the large amount of gold used in the ornamentation of its magnificent façade. Bought thirty-three years ago, after long neglect and decay, by the late Baron Giorgio Franchetti, it was restored by that well-known art connoisseur and enthusiastic collector as a model Venetian palace of the early Renaissance, and furnished with invaluable works of art. Chief among them are a magnificent picture of St. Sebastian by Mantegna, Titian's "Venus at the Mirror," a Vandyck portrait, many pictures of the best Italian schools, beautiful majolica plates, and various other masterpieces. The courtyard is one of the finest in

the great mansions of the Venetian Golden Age. In the middle is a remarkable marble well-head sculptured in 1427 by one of the architects of the palace—and, in a corner, the funeral monument of Baron Franchetti, who bequeathed the palace, in 1922, to the Italian nation. The Italian Department of Fine Arts spent five years in completing the restorations, and bought a small adjoining palace in order to demolish one of its wings and give more light to the Cà d'Oro. The official inauguration of the palace and its art collection, under the name of "Giorgio Franchetti's Gallery," took place on January 18, before the Duke of Bergamo, as representative of King Victor Emanuel. The Cà d'Oro was at one time occupied by the celebrated dancer Mme. Taglioni.

ART UNDER MUSSOLINI: THE VILLA FARNESE ACQUIRED FOR ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALINARI BROTHERS, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



THE "CRADLE" OF RAPHAEL'S ART TO BE A NATIONAL GALLERY: THE VILLA FARNESE AT ROME, BOUGHT FROM SPANISH OWNERS BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT FOR FR. 12,000,000.



"THE NUPTIAL BANQUET OF CUPID AND PSYCHE ON MOUNT OLYMPUS": A CARTOON BY A PUPIL OF RAPHAEL—ONE OF THE FINEST WORKS ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE VILLA FARNESE.



RAPHAEL'S PICTURE, "THE BIRTH OF GALATEA"—FROM A SEA-SHELL SURROUNDED BY NYMPHS, TRITONS, AND CUPIDS: A MASTERPIECE BY ITALY'S GREATEST PAINTER IN THE VILLA FARNESE



"VENUS ASCENDING TO OLYMPUS"—THE GODDESS IN A GOLDEN CHARIOT DRAWN BY WHITE DOVES: ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS BY RAPHAEL AND HIS PUPILS IN THE VILLA FARNESE.

In sending us the above photographs, and those of the Cà d'Oro at Venice on page 362, Professor Halbherr writes: "The acquisition of the Farnesina (Villa Farnese), the bequest of the Cà d'Oro, and the recent purchase by Signor Mussolini's Government of the Villa Aldobrandini at Rome, are the three capital events of the present century in the history of Italian art. The famous Roman villa of the Farnesina, in the Trastevere, is the cradle of the art of Raphael and his school. This treasure of the Italian Renaissance, hitherto not easily accessible, will become now one of the chief Italian galleries. It was erected between 1508 and 1511, for the Papal banker, Agostino Chigi, by the Tuscan architect, Baldassare Peruzzi, and was richly adorned in succeeding years with frescoes by Raphael and his pupils, Giulio Romano, Pierin del Vaga, Antonio Bazzi, called Sodoma,

and others. The pictures are a delightful illustration of the myth of Psyche, as related by Apuleius, and of that of Galatea's birth in a sea-shell, amid a throng of Nymphs, Tritons, and Cupids. The bed-room of Agostino Chigi contains Sodoma's famous fresco of the nuptials of Alexander the Great with the daughter of Darius. The Farnesina has long been a goal of pilgrimage for lovers of art. After the death of Andrea Chigi, it passed to the Farnese family, and later to the Borboni of Naples and Sicily. Its last owners, the Dukes of Santa Lucia at Madrid, wishing to show sympathy with Signor Mussolini's Government, willingly accepted the offer of the Italian State for what is the greatest memorial of the greatest Italian painter in his native land." The Villa Farnese must not be confused with the Farnese Palace, occupied by the French Embassy at Rome.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The First of the Dames.

Dame Katharine Furse is a woman with hosts of friends, and they have been greatly concerned by the news of her severe illness. She has, as usual, been to Switzerland since the beginning of the winter sports, and, after judging a ski-ing competition last month, she contracted a severe chill, which resulted in a prolonged attack of double pneumonia. She was critically ill for a time, but is now fortunately convalescing at Klosters.

Dame Katharine, who is the daughter of the late John Addington Symonds, and widow of Mr. Charles Furse, the artist, whose brilliant career

was cut short at an early age, has always been remarkably successful in handling girls, and inspiring them with an enthusiasm for good and active work. She had organised V.A.D. detachments for a long time before the war, and on its outbreak was ready to act as Commandant-in-Chief of the organisation. Years later, when the Women's Royal Naval Service was initiated, she became its head and organised it very successfully with the help of a most efficient staff. She was the first of all the women appointed to the noble order of Dames, and naturally wore her new title rather shyly at first, as it sounded so strange to everyone. Brought up among the Alps, Dame Katharine is essentially an out-of-doors woman. She is broadminded and sympathetic, with a realistic view of life, a dislike for shams and sentimentalities, and a passion for justice. In her personal appearance she is said to bear a close resemblance to her aunt, Marianne North, the artist, whose flower paintings are among the treasures of Kew.

A Woman of Wit.

The brilliant and amusing speech made at the dinner of the Women's Advertising Club of London by Mrs. E. M. Wood, C.B.E., the president, evidently produced a great effect on Mr. Lloyd George, the guest of the evening, and the other men who were present. But it was no surprise to Mrs. Wood's friends, who had learned long before that she is one of the wittiest of after-dinner speakers. She has distinguished herself in other ways. She has written a very interesting biography of her father, Quintin Hogg, the famous philanthropist, who founded the Regent Street Polytechnic. She was for four years secretary of the London War Pensions Committee, and she did exceptionally good work as chairman of the Domestic Service Committee, which was set up four years ago. This was a very trying task, and some of the women who came to listen to the evidence added by their loud and capacious comments to its difficulty. But Mrs. Wood kept her temper and her tact; she managed to extract as much relevant information from the witnesses as possible, and she produced an excellent report.

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S ADVERTISING CLUB OF LONDON: MRS. E. M. WOOD, C.B.E.

For several years she has been a director of a well-known publicity firm, and her experience in that has given her a great interest in the progress of educated women in business life.

That Long-Lived Fog.

The great fog of February will be remembered for many years to come by the multitude of people whose plans it ruined. It had its good points: it kept the King and Queen of the Belgians in London for an extra day or two by closing down the Channel service, and their friends here were pleased about that. But it also kept another royal lady a prisoner in its clammy folds at the mouth of the Thames for several days. Princess Beatrice had set off on a Friday in search of warmth and sunshine in the South

of Spain, and, being a good sailor, fond of the sea, chose to travel by the *Mooltan*. But for four days it was impossible to get out of the Thames, and equally impossible for the passengers to leave the ship, since at any moment the fog might lift. It must have been a most tedious experience.

After their gallant flight to India, Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare naturally looked forward to flying back across the

THE AUSTIN-LUMLEY WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The bride is a daughter of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Osbert Lumley, C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Lumley, 50, Cadogan Square. Mr. C. G. Austin, R.H.A., is the only son of the late Mr. Selwyn Austin and Mrs. Austin. The marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, and the Archbishop of York officiated.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Channel through sunshine to their friends waiting to congratulate them at Croydon, but this pleasant event had to be postponed until the fog lifted from the French coast. The Belgian King and Queen, who would also have liked to fly home, had to travel by sea through a haze. Wedding plans were delayed, and brides and bridegrooms with passports in their pockets for their honeymoons abroad had to make the best of Old England, waiting patiently and taking what comfort they could from the fact that the fog had not descended on them in mid-Channel.

Mixed History.

The English-Speaking Union made a great stir about the opening of its beautiful

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE CEREMONY: MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. STEWART BLACKER (FORMERLY THE HON. DORIS PEEL).

The Hon. Mrs. D. Blacker is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Peel. Major Stewart Blacker, the Guides, is the eldest son of the late Major Latham Blacker, R.A.

Photograph by Quick Pictures, Ltd.

new home, Dartmouth House, on Tuesday. Mrs. Baldwin and a number of other distinguished friends of the Union came to see the Premier open it in the afternoon, and in the evening Dame Edith Lyttelton, who is interested in all these schemes for adding to London's hospitality, was hostess at the celebration ball. The Union long ago outgrew its cramped club rooms and offices in Charing Cross, and now, with this spacious house of more than eighty rooms—thirty-eight of which have been furnished as bedrooms—it will be able to deal with the visiting members who come over from America and the Dominions in such numbers during the summer.

The idea of furnishing each of the bedrooms in some old period style, and of naming them after people to match, is amusing, and will probably delight the visitors who stay there for a few days. But one does not like to think what the effect on the booking-clerk who juggles with the centuries will be.

A Politician's Wife.

Mrs. Grant Morden, wife of Colonel Grant Morden, M.P., had two long and very anxious journeys within the space of a few days. She was summoned to Rome by the news that her father, who was living there, was seriously ill, but, in spite of her haste, she did not arrive till after his death. In Rome she got word that her husband was ill, and that he was threatened with pneumonia, so she hastened back through the difficulties of the fog, to find, happily, that the crisis was past.

Mrs. Morden is of great help to Colonel Morden, who represents the wide constituency of Brentford and Chiswick, and he has more confidence in her political ability than he would give to most women. He showed this once in a rather amusing way. He was addressing a series of meetings on the same evening, and, having to leave the first one after he had finished his address, he told the audience that his wife would remain to answer on his behalf any questions they wished to put to him. Mrs. Morden made a laughing protest, but he assured her and the audience that it was an excellent arrangement. Then he went on to the next meeting, where he was speaking in opposition to Mrs. Oliver Strachey, the Independent candidate. Very sorrowfully he expressed his regret that a young woman, the mother of small children, should enter the political arena. "If she were my wife," he said magnificently, "I should advise her to stay at home and look after her children," and the audience, not knowing how his wife was at that moment engaged, cheered the noble sentiment.

WIFE OF THE M.P. FOR THE CHISWICK AND BRENTFORD DIVISION: MRS. GRANT MORDEN.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



CONVALESCING AT KLOSTERS: DAME KATHARINE FURSE.

Photograph by Beresford.



THE FIRST CONFESSION: A SCENE IN A SWISS CHURCH.

A DRAWING OF AN ACTUAL SCENE, BY REGINALD CLEAVER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN A CHILD'S RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES: CHILDREN AWAITING THEIR TURN OUTSIDE THE CONFESSIONAL FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Many of our readers will be interested in this admirable drawing as representing a typical scene in Continental churches, and expressing, with great skill and sympathy, the dawning of religious emotion in the child mind. The particular scene is laid in Switzerland. In a note on his drawing, Mr. Reginald Cleaver says:

"At the age of seven those who, according to the laws of their Church, must confess, are wont to make their first confession. Naturally a sense of importance and responsibility would be uppermost in the mind of any Miss 'Seven-years-old' at such a moment, and she would take herself and her little sins very seriously."

Fashions & Fancies

"SILK" IS A FAVOURITE WORD IN THE MODERN WOMAN'S VOCABULARY, AND THERE ARE NOW MANY SYNONYMS INCLUDED IN FASHION'S DICTIONARY.

Old Silks and New Rivals.

From the earliest stages in the world's history silk, has been regarded as a queen amongst materials. In China, where it was first discovered, the silkworm was actually worshipped, and most exquisite robes and banners of the Imperial Court could be made from it. The modern woman has in no way altered her opinion, and, like her first ancestors, still looks upon silk dresses and lingerie as the realisation of her dreams. But silk, in its original form, has become costly, and, since modern progress strives to reduce every barrier, expert scientists have employed all the knowledge at their disposal to find a combined substitute and rival which every woman can enjoy. Necessity being the mother of invention, it needed the Great War to bring out the possibilities of such a fabric as British Celanese. In its original form, it was first used to protect fragile aeroplane wings from the effects of sun and rain. Its value lay in its possession of the scientific property of insulation, and it is this quality which makes it so valuable a material from the hygienic point of view. As to the surface, it is as soft and seductive as real silk, and boasts the same draping qualities.

The Latest Materials.

Unlike many other "sensible" and "inexpensive" things of this life, Celanese is as rich and varied in the choice of materials as the most costly product of the silkworm. There is the new Celanese "Satin



A graceful afternoon frock in almond-green Celanese marocain trimmed with flecked beige marabout at the neck, wrists, and hem.

Malika," which is wonderfully soft and supple, and has all the draping qualities of satin without the excessive "shininess." There are crêpes and georgettes too, fabricated with a certain quantity of real silk, for this firm is now developing the use of the two, which opens a wide field for achieving fascinating results. The materials thus obtained offer a particularly soft surface without a too obvious lustre. "Crêpe Moineau" is another innovation, and is exceptionally smart. It is a crêpe with a speckled effect like a sparrow's plumage, and can also be obtained patterned exactly like tweed. Obviously, for summer wear on the golf links the latter is ideal, for it is as cool as the filmiest summer frock and yet looks neat and workmanlike. "Renaissance moiré," reproducing a "watered" design, is another newcomer to the already comprehensive range of Celanese fabrics. By the way, these are available in the loveliest colours imaginable—rhododendron pink, geranium, and argent being amongst the new ones created for this season. These new fabrics are the result of chemical experiment, and there is no end to the



Broad stripes in apple-green, black, and argent are the distinctive feature of this jumper dress of British Celanese marocain, with the top in ivory and the skirt in green.

infinite scope which lies before the chemical artist. Some of the Celanese satins, for instance, have the lustre entirely removed and then replaced in certain parts forming a pattern, and another is treated in three different ways so that it looks like a completely different texture each time. This season's products alone are a proof of the immense development which has taken place in this important invention.

Celanese Marocain and Satin.

While the new fabrics are produced, however, the old ones continue to play an important part in modern woman's dress. Perhaps the most famous of the dress fabrics is the Celanese marocain, which is used for the three attractive models pictured on this page. In appearance the material is indistinguishable from real silk, save to an expert. It washes splendidly and does not spot with the rain, so that for sports outfits, as well as for smart afternoon

frocks, it is excellent. The jumper frock in the right-hand corner, introducing the fashionable broad stripes, is carried out in many lovely colourings. Here it is in ivory striped with apple-green, black, and argent. The three-piece on the left comprises a jumper of ivory marocain embroidered with green, and a sleeveless coatee of green worked with white Angora. Beige marabout, prettily flecked, trims the afternoon frock of apple-green marocain in the centre. Then there are Celanese crêpe-de-Chine and foulards which are equally perfect in their kind, and the satin is made in two weights, the lighter variety being for lingerie. It will wash and wear indefinitely, being entirely free from loading. Celanese Milanese, Self-stripe, and Locknit are ideal for lingerie, all admitting freely the sun's health-giving ultra-violet rays which are so important to the general health. Celanese models, materials, and lingerie are obtainable from all the leading outfitters, and in these days, when practically every woman has to plan her wardrobe carefully, whether it be large or small, British Celanese is a name to remember.



A delightful three-piece ensemble carried out in Celanese marocain. The jumper suit is in ivory embroidered with apple-green, and the sleeveless coatee is in the latter colour, effectively worked with white Angora wool.



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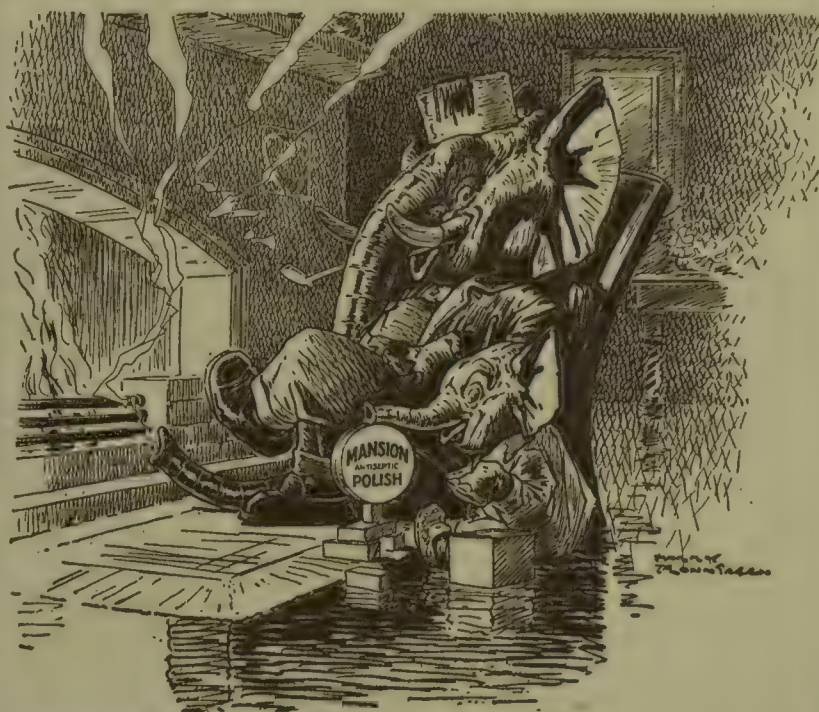
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

BRITISH FILMS.

NO ONE who is really interested in the cinema can hope to remain in blissful ignorance of the conflicting currents that at present jeopardise the output of British films. However ardently the enthusiast may long to avoid the question of the "quota-bill," "block-booking," "blind-booking," and what we might call all the domestic politics of the cinema, these matters are thrust upon his notice so persistently, their effect is so far-reaching, that they are bound to influence even those whose chief concern is with the artistic aspects and the entertainment value of films. There is, indeed, no other art that demands so much inner knowledge, technical as well as commercial, from its critics as this Art of the Cinema.

Logically, nothing more should be asked of a critic than to judge a film as it is put before him. No one is expected to show leniency towards a painting because the unfortunate artist had to paint it in a cold room, inadequately lighted. Nor does a feeble stage-effect apologise because a flood-light fused. But in the case of British films the eternal circle of cause and effect looms so large that the difficulties which beset the producer's thorny path must be taken into consideration. Without entering into the *pros* and *cons* of these difficulties, it must be recognised that they exist, and that the British film, though its feet are fortunately set upon an upgrade, still needs all the encouragement and fostering that it can get.

But I cannot interpret this very evident obligation into the necessity of indiscriminate praise, nor can I admit that judicious criticism, so often and so wrongly regarded as belittlement, can have any harmful effect upon the patient. On the contrary. For it behoves the patient's parents to be as aware of their limitations—as artistically aware, I should say—as is the would-be doctor.

The American film-makers have set up a standard of extravagant and spectacular splendour that can only be reached by a financial backing equal in every

way to theirs. Their command of the world markets has made such limitless expenditure possible. We, to put it quite crudely, cannot afford this sort of picture. But why, I ask you, should we make it? Imitation leads to comparison, and where imitation cannot hope to reach the level of the original it is surely a short-sighted policy that does not strike out a line of its own. British film-makers should cut their coats according to their cloth, and a very good coat it ought to be.


In any case, this propensity to imitation is one of the banes of the cinema. Film-directors are far too apt to gauge the public taste by the popularity of one particular film. A producer, greatly daring, will show us a film-star in his or her bath. This piquant tit-bit seems to catch on, and lo! we are immediately plunged into a whole series of baths. The same with floods, revolutions, or war-pictures. Hot on the heels of "The Big Parade" came "Mlle. from Armentières," with a similarity of detail that bordered on repetition. All this is a mistake. The vast film-going public is made up of so many different strata, such a bewildering diversity of tastes has to be catered for, that only one rule can hold good—give the best of every kind. And our British best at present lies, I contend, in the direction of simplicity. But let that simplicity be perfect.

That is not so easy as it sounds, I know. For one thing, simplicity demands a good story—logical, arresting, and well told. Spectacle can hide a multitude of sins in the way of weak plots, and a very slender thread will often suffice to hold together the elaborate "high spots" of the American studios. Paradoxically, it snaps beneath the lesser weight of simplicity.

Nor does simplicity mean a bald statement of facts. It requires on the producer's part much more imagination than is needed to ring the changes on some accepted formula labelled "popular" and already tried out in Hollywood. On the other hand, it is astounding how completely a simple theme may be lifted above the commonplace by a producer of vision, a producer who can create atmosphere by his sense of the drama lurking in little things, and by the originality of his view-point.

Such is the case, for instance, in "The Lodger," just released. Here is a popular "mystery" story, anything but highbrow, just the sort of story Mrs. Belloc Lowndes tells so well. It plays in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and the characters involved in it are, for the most part, very ordinary folk. Yet, as Mr. Alfred Hitchcock puts it before us, it has a tensity that grips the audience from first to last. This story of murder, suspicion, and love becomes vastly more momentous than the class of literature to which it belongs because of the imaginative suggestion that Mr. Hitchcock has used in its telling. Yet at the same time here is a London story, with the London feel and the London fog drifting through it. That is the sort of thing we want—the real Londoner's London, just as we want the real beauty of rural England, its Surrey lanes, its North-Country hills. Such a film as Henry Edwards made when he produced an adaptation of the famous book "Owd Bob," an unforgettable bit of England. Here, again, was simplicity. No crowds, no pageantry; but a true artist of the screen had been at work, and his vision was perfect. Moonlit vistas of the hills whereon men and their canine friends fought out their destinies; penetration of human faults and human sufferings. We have producers of imagination and creative power; we shall have more, the more the British film is allowed to remain true to itself and racy of the soil.

We hear on all sides that the Dominions and Colonies ask for British films. What they want to see is, I feel sure, a good story unfolding against a truly British background. And what lovely settings are waiting to be found up and down the countryside! The "Boadicea" film owed much, in its most beautiful moments, to the glades and meadows of its sylvan settings. In its pageantry and martial display it seemed to dwindle, merely because it entered into competition with spectacular films that study no economy either in men or means. Here was the moment for suggestion rather than statement, for the imaginative fragment rather than the realistic whole. And thus we get back to that simplicity which I advocate. Herein, I think, the British film of the moment, provided it comes from the brain of an imaginative producer, can strike its individual and welcome note.



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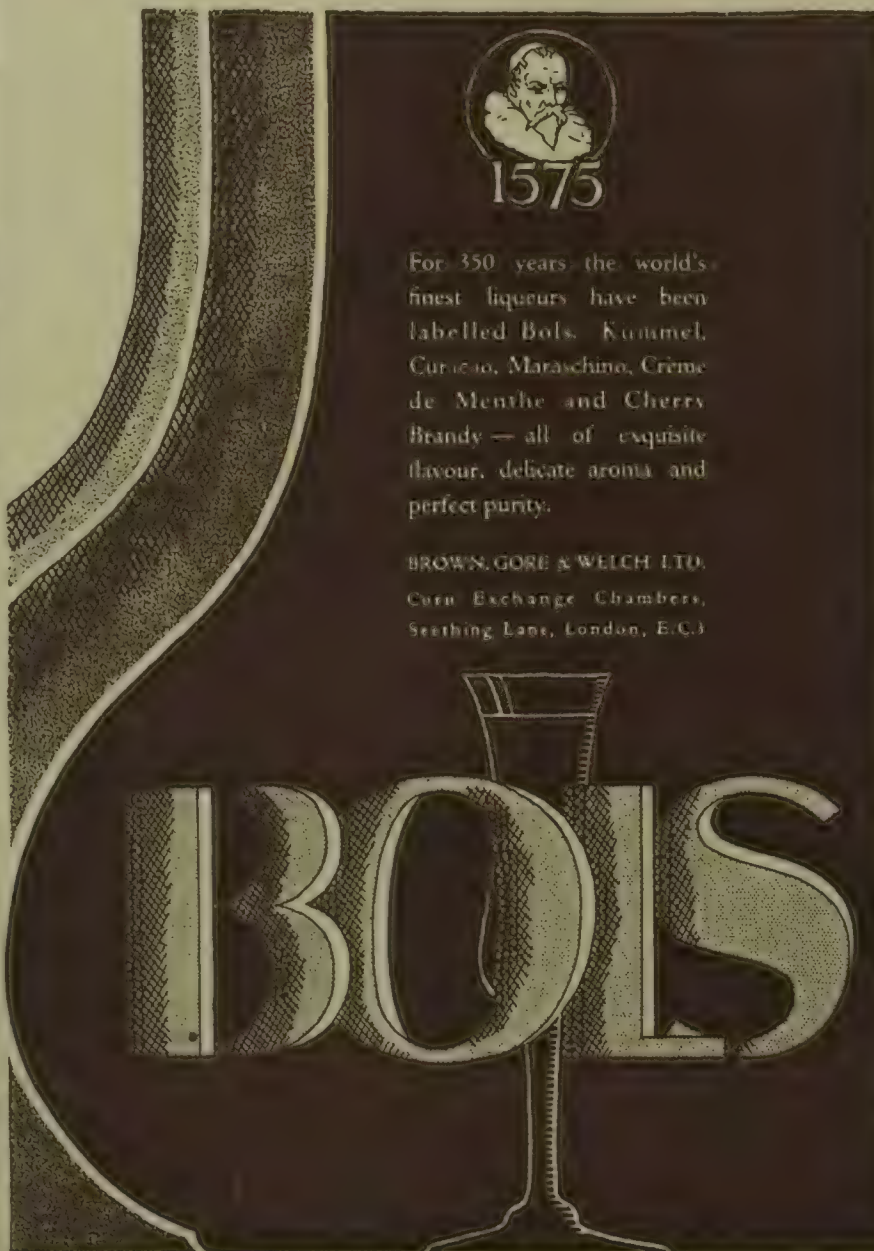
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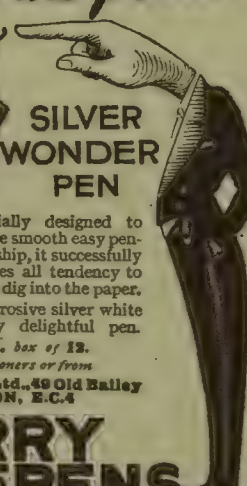
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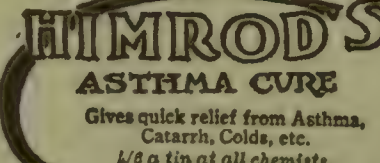
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

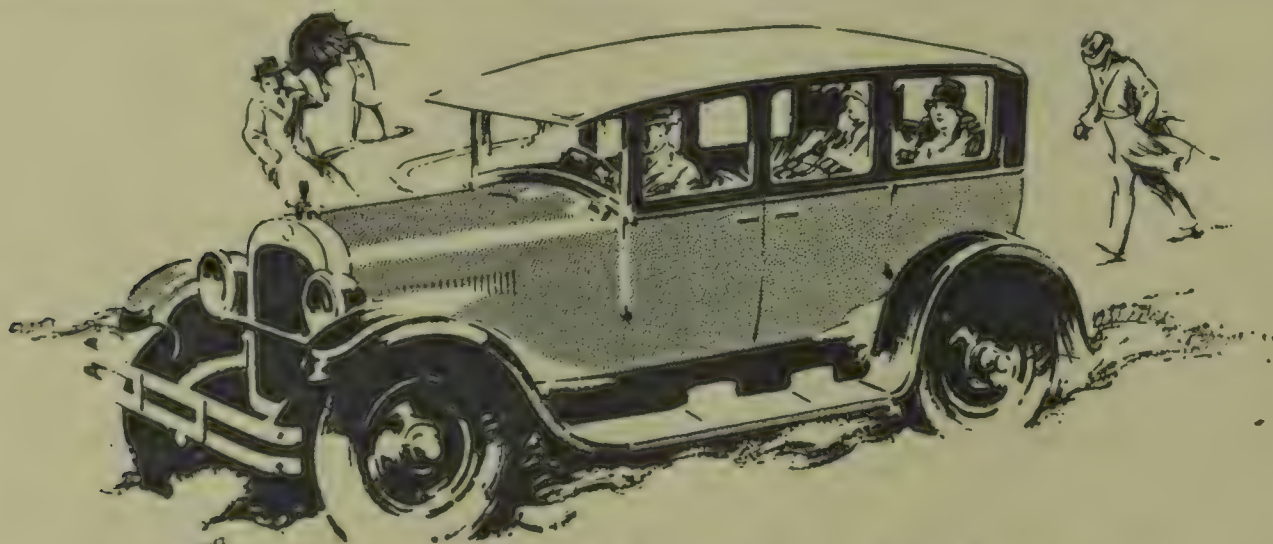
THE NEW "SIX" SINGER.

THE Singer car, from its earliest days—when a model, destined to become very famous, was produced known as the 10-h.p.—has always had a permanent interest for a student of current design. Not all Singer cars have been good, any more than any others costing either less or ten times as much, but there has always been something about these small cars to attract you. For example, the long-obsolete 10-h.p., which I mentioned just now was by no means an unqualified success, as I feel sure the Singer Company themselves would be the first to acknowledge to-day, but it had features of design and performance which endeared it to considerable numbers of people who strongly disapproved of other of its aspects. I remember, for example, seeing one of them competing in the great pre-war Austrian Reliability Trials, which were—and, I should imagine, still are—by far the most strenuous test that could possibly be applied to any standard touring car.

It was in June 1914, when on my way to Vienna to watch what has always been to me the most exciting and informative motor test organised, that I met the little Singer. It was at Augsburg in Bavaria, and anything more utterly weary than the car and its



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Details! And only a few of many that might be cited. But impressive examples of high engineering standards, long-since established and maintained—the hidden sources of the true value of Dodge Brothers motor cars.

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crew of two I have never seen. These were the days when springs were even worse than they are now, and the surface of the road between Strasburg and Augsburg was simply shattering in its effects on a car which was in those days just about the lightest in production. I saw it several times during the ensuing fortnight, and I remember it especially when it was overtaking a car of a stated 90 h.p. on the Katschberg Pass, where the gradient stiffened after many miles' hard pulling to 1 in 3½. It is true that the big car was not making use of all its cylinders at the moment, but the impression you got was that the Singer, carrying its observer, an officer of the Austrian Army in full sky-blue uniform, could have got up the hill quicker if it had driven straight underneath the Benz. It had many adventures after that, including a twisted front axle, which had to be straightened then and there on the road, but it finished the trial, and any car that could achieve that result was a car demanding the closest attention.

That was a wonderful little car, nearly as wonderful as the man who drove her, in those grilling ten days, over four Alpine passes a day, with an extremely strict speed limit and time controls. It was a long time ago, but I always think that any make of car, however good or bad, has an additional interest for the keen motorist if it has famous ancestors; and I think the 1914 10-h.p. Singer earned the right, between June 10 and June 20, 1914, to call itself a very respectable ancestor indeed of any motor-car.

The new Singer which I have just tried is, as you might expect, entirely different. It is a six-cylinder, of approximately 1½ litres capacity, and in no way resembles the old car. The bore and stroke of the engine are 63 by 95, and the Treasury rating tax is £15, the horse-power being a little over 14. This 14-h.p. is stated to be developed at a thousand revolutions a minute, while at 2000 28 are claimed, and 36 at the maximum revolution rate, which is approximately 3000.

The engine is a decently arranged affair, practically everything that you have to get at being properly accessible. The cylinders are cast in one with the upper half of the crank-case, and the detachable cylinder-head has its combustion spaces machined all over and fitted with renewable guides for the overhead valves, which are operated by push-rods and rockers. An interesting point is, in a car of this price, that double valve-springs are fitted. Lubrication is on the pump-and-trough system, and the position of the filter in an arm of the crank-case casting makes it an easy and a quick business to clean it without losing any oil. Cooling is by pump and fan. Twin carburettors are fitted, their controls and general arrangement being simply and neatly carried out.

A three-speed gear-box is fitted with a right-hand change. The ratios are 5, a little more than 9, and

(Continued overleaf.)

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Make a point of inspecting the following Humber models before making your decision for the coming season.

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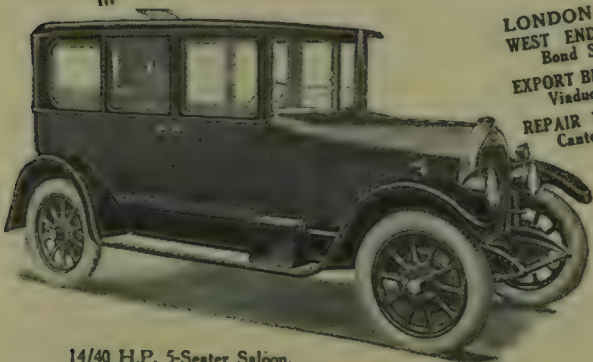
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(Continued.)

17 to 1. The clutch is of the single dry-plate type, and both the clutch and brake pedals can be adjusted over a considerable range. A point of which I approve very strongly is that the clutch withdrawal thrust race is lubricated automatically from the gear-box on withdrawal of the clutch, while the clutch spigot bearing is lubricated from the engine.

The springs are a combination of semi-elliptic on the front axle and quarter-elliptic on the back. I was not very favourably impressed with their action. A four-wheel brake system, foot-operated by vacuum servo, is fitted, supplemented by the ordinary pair on the rear wheels brought into action by a lever. The tyre sizes are 29 in. by 4.95, low pressure, and the suspension is by adjustable shock-absorbers. The propeller-shaft is of the open type, fitted with flexible joints, and the final drive in the rear axle is by spiral bevel.

On the road I found the Singer "Six" a very pleasant little car to drive. I should not call the one under trial particularly fast, but I should call it a very willing car. It had a brief crank-shaft period at 25 m.p.h. on second gear, and one at 40 m.p.h. on top. It was brand-new, and I was, therefore, very unwilling to make it exhibit its paces; but it very soon showed that its ordinary cruising speed was a perfectly comfortable 35 miles an hour. The steering, which is of a special type, I found particularly light and confidence-giving. I brought the car down Box Hill, whose two hairpin bends provide one of the best tests I know

in the British Isles for steering locks, and I have no complaint to find. I have taken one or two longer cars than this round these bends with more room to spare, but, as this Singer did it with quite enough, there are really no grounds for criticism on this point.

The car I drove, which was the saloon, is as a whole well finished, and possesses excellent lines. Four doors are fitted, and some of the features include pneumatic upholstery, independently adjustable front bucket seats, and, which is to my mind more important yet, a driver's window of the sliding type with the other three of the winding type. The dashboard is a workmanlike and neat piece of work, with the instruments centrally grouped. The accessories include the usual speedometer and clock, besides two roof-lights, bulb-horn, as well as an electric one, and automatic wind-screen-wiper, a hat-rack, and a sliding luggage-grid.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



THE MOTOR-CAR IN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY: A 16-50-H.P. ROVER SALOON IN SYLVAN SURROUNDINGS—NOT TEN MILES FROM PICCADILLY.

This picture of a 16-50-h.p. Rover saloon indicates what can be done in the production of an artistic photograph of a motor-car. Incidentally, the "sylvan" scene was within ten miles of Piccadilly Circus—on Putney Common, to be exact.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

Those vacuum-operated four-wheel brakes are unusually powerful, and I have never used any set which required less effort to bring them into action, certainly not in any car of this power or weight.

vice Men, perhaps the most pathetic legacy of the Great War. Boxes and seats can be booked now through the Ex-Services Welfare Society, York Mansion, 94, Petty France, S.W.1.

By permission of the Commander-in-Chief (the Nore) and the General Officer Commanding the London District, and under the patronage of his Majesty, teams comprising the best boxers from the Royal Navy and the Household Brigade of Guards will meet at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, the 20th of April, at 8.30 p.m., to box for the annual championship. It is felt that the public will welcome the opportunity of witnessing really first-class boxing between two such famous units of H.M. Services. The entire proceeds are to be devoted to Sir Frederick Milner's Homes for Mentally Disabled Ex-Ser-

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THE WORLD'S GREAT ADHESIVE HAS NUMBERLESS USES

Two ladies occupied a seat on a Cambridge lawn, in sight of the great Chapel of King's College. One told to the other how she had taken a little boy into the Chapel, and as she pointed out to him the great height of the building—its walls so old, so high, and yet so strong—the little fellow, impressed, said, "I wonder, did they use Seccotine?"

This is not an invented story. A third adult, stranger to the others, sitting on the same seat, knew something about Seccotine and its home, and reported the incident. It is an example of the grip that Seccotine has on the national mind, that, when a child is shown something remarkable for firmness of jointing, it associates Seccotine with the good work.

King's College Chapel, Cambridge, was not built with Seccotine, but its proved reliability in a wonderful variety of uses is sufficiently remarkable. It is not possible here to enumerate these uses—mention can be made of only a few, widely differing.

Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, wrote of Seccotine: "I am glad to say I find it very useful for many ordinary purposes and for scientific models."

Messrs. Yarrow & Co., Ltd., Scotstoun, Glasgow, wrote: "We are pleased to say that we have used your Seccotine for lining steel lockers with canvas . . . and find it very satisfactory."

Aeroplane builders write: "We have now for some considerable time past used Seccotine in connection with the construction of our aeroplanes . . . this has given us every satisfaction."

A lady writes: "Advise weary mothers to strengthen parts of the garments of their healthy, stirring small sons—such as the knees of trousers—by Seccotining, on the reverse side, a piece of the material. The parts worn,



GWEN—"What is he saying, Tom?—I can't make it out."

TOM—"He says, 'S-E-C-C-O-T-I-N-E—S-T-I-C-K-S—E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G.'"

GWEN—"Oh, the silly!—sure everybody knows that."

then, will stand a great deal more wear, and no repairing is visible."

In yacht-building, also, Seccotine has been used successfully. Many will remember that, years ago, in one of the earlier races for the America Cup, Shamrock III. had her spinnaker boom broken in a severe gale. Seccotine was used to repair the damage. We give here a copy of letter sent us on the subject by Messrs. Cosens & Co., Ltd., Weymouth: "We are in receipt of your letter of 22nd inst. . . . We used Seccotine in the repairs to spinnaker boom of Shamrock III., the results being, as far as we can judge, quite satisfactory."

Here is the testimony of a well-known firm of opticians in Bristol: "We find Seccotine one of the most excellent adhesives we have ever tried."

Its value to motor engineers may be judged from the following letter from Messrs. Chambers & Co., Belfast: "It may interest you to know that we have found your Seccotine most suitable for jointing the gear box of our motor-cars."

A few years ago there appeared in "The Lancet" note of the affixing of an artificial ear to a boy's head. It kept its position satisfactorily.

But among the numerous extraordinary uses of Seccotine, perhaps the most astonishing is that of renovating Silks, Laces, Muslins, &c.—in short, all textiles that will bear wetting or washing. The results are remarkable. Owing to its extreme power of diffusion, every fibre of the yarn of the material receives a renewal of life and "springiness," the textile, whatever it may be, being restored to its original appearance—being, in fact, "like new."

A booklet dealing with this use will be sent free on application to M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., The Linenhall Works, Belfast.

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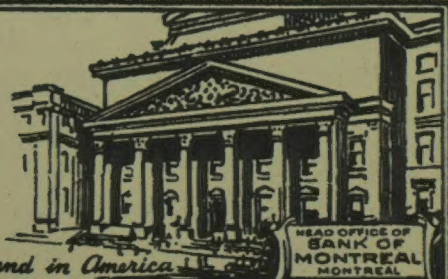
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RADIO NOTES.

AT the present time no radio enthusiast who prefers "quality" when listening to broadcasts will deny that truthful reproduction can rarely be obtained from stations other than the local one. Even with the most expensive receiving-sets, including super-heterodynes, what happens, as a rule, when a distant station is tuned in? First, there is the eternal nuisance created by Morse transmissions which come spurting through at nearly every position of the dials to which distant stations are tuned. During the many days and nights of fog experienced recently, Morse signals were more numerous and powerful than is usual in clear weather, and it was well-nigh impossible to tune in broadcasts without interference. Secondly, how many of the Continental stations are really worth listening to, even during those brief periods when Morse may give us a rest? On many evenings one may tune in station after station and hear nothing but relays of a foreign speaker, or of the same jazz tune. Thirdly, where is there a receiving-set at a reasonable price that is sufficiently selective to pick out clearly any one of two stations of equal power and distance which transmit on wave-lengths a metre or two apart?

In regard to London station, which now covers a wide range of the condenser dials of a high-grade receiver situated at a distance of six miles from the broadcasting station, it is impossible to bring in a British or Continental station whose tuning falls within five degrees beyond London's position when the latter is working. One may be told by wireless experts that it should be possible, and that it is possible, to have a set selective enough to discriminate between such stations. If there should be such a set, what is it likely to reproduce in addition to the station received? Morse! The relays by the B.B.C. of Continental stations have shown that even their experts have been unable to eliminate completely the various interferences such as Morse, heterodyne whistles, atmospheric, and the like.

We must believe, then, that radio is still very much in its infancy. Most broadcasting stations have reached a high state of efficiency in regard to the quality of the items sent out. Given a good performance in the studio, the microphone will deal with the sounds in as perfect a manner as is possible

by electrical mechanism, and the reproduction of the studio performance should be heard faithfully in the area served by the local station. Receiving-sets, too, have reached a very high state of perfection since broadcasting began: excellent circuits, beautiful workmanship, and, if a good loud-speaker is used, beautiful reproduction of the local station. It is true that many of the multi-valve sets are capable of bringing in distant stations also. Many of them do so with little effort on the part of the manipulator, but generally the results are spoiled by the influences referred to above. The fault is not that of the manufacturers of receiving-sets. They are no more to blame than is the maker of a first-class pianoforte when the playing of the owner is interfered with by the noise of road-breaking machines. The various European broadcasting authorities are endeavouring to prevent heterodyning by the re-allocation of wave-lengths to the multitude of stations which broadcast to-day. Listeners to distant broadcasts will not have real peace, however, until the obsolete spark-transmission apparatus of thousands of ships is worn out and replaced by modern instruments which will transmit on a known wave-length without flooding a wider band of other waves.

Reception of distant broadcasts will be better if the scheme is passed for abolishing many of our own low-powered stations, whose transmissions are heard only within their own limited areas, and for the substitution of fewer stations of high-power to cover large regions. Then, if Continental interests do the same, there is no reason why the ordinary listener may not have a multi-valve set fitted with one dial only, the turning of which to place names such as London, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Belfast, Paris, Berlin, Berne, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, will cause those stations to be heard immediately the indicator is directed to any one of them.

A few weeks ago reference was made in these notes to the excellence of broadcast reproduction made possible by the Celestion loud-speaker. Those of our readers who are enjoying the use of these instruments will be interested to learn that three of the ordinary £7 10s. models of the Celestion are to fill the whole of Olympia with music and speech during the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, which opens shortly.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

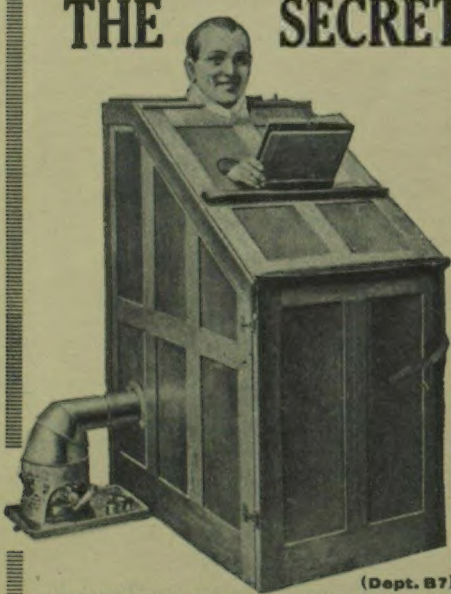
(Continued from Page 342.)

A reverence for the prophet Jonah, and a commemoration of the day when he came to preach to "our Fathers at Nineveh," is common to most faiths in the land, and the fact might be explained by those higher critics who are so ready to 'wash out' that prophet's claim to any historical character. The magic spells that all faiths use are not only common to Christian, Moslem, and Devil-worshipper, but are also identical for all practical purposes with the spells on the oldest Babylonian tablets, dating back, let us say, to 5000 B.C. If a substratum of the oldest religion of the land has survived all the changes of seven thousand years, it may be that the respect for Tuesday is of a like hoary antiquity. At least the day is not without honour in all parts of the world, whatever may be its lot in Western lands, where civilisation began the day before yesterday."

The Unlucky Thirteen.

The recent great Treasury note forgery is reported to have deceived the Bank of England itself. Employees of the Bank have been deceived before. Something over a century ago, at Haverfordwest, thirteen persons were sentenced to death for forgery on the evidence of a bank inspector named Christmas, who swore that the note before him "was not an impression from a Bank of England plate." The day after the trial Mr. Christmas was asked by a friend he met in the street to pronounce on a note which the man held in his hand. Christmas examined it, and then, without hesitation, declared it to be a forgery. Rather disturbed, the owner of the note showed it to a Mr. Burdett, who immediately handed him gold in exchange. "But it is a forgery," cried the original owner. Burdett, who prided himself on his judgment, merely laughed. But, growing uneasy, the same day he sent the note stigmatised by Christmas to Christmas's own employer, the Bank of England itself—with the result that the Bank, through its body of inspectors, reported the note to be no forgery at all. Fortunately for the Unlucky Thirteen awaiting their execution, it occurred to somebody that, as Mr. Inspector Christmas was wrong in one case, he might easily have been wrong in the other; and, since there was now really no strong reason for hanging the prisoners, they were accordingly released.

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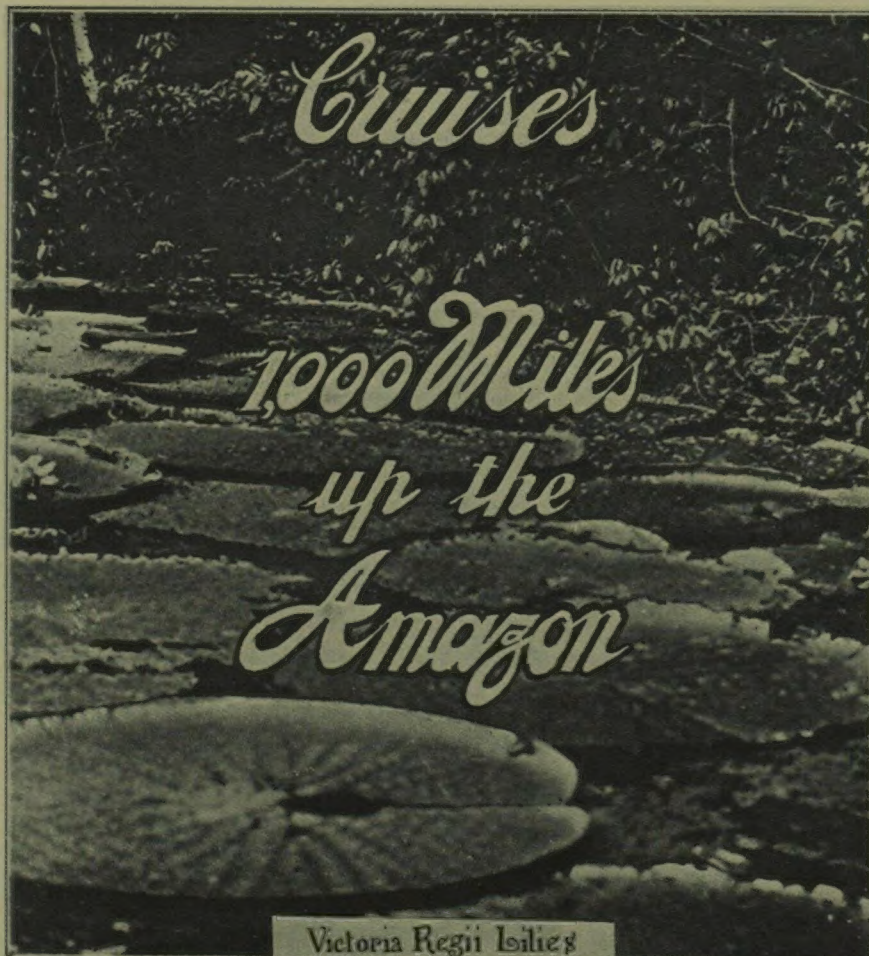
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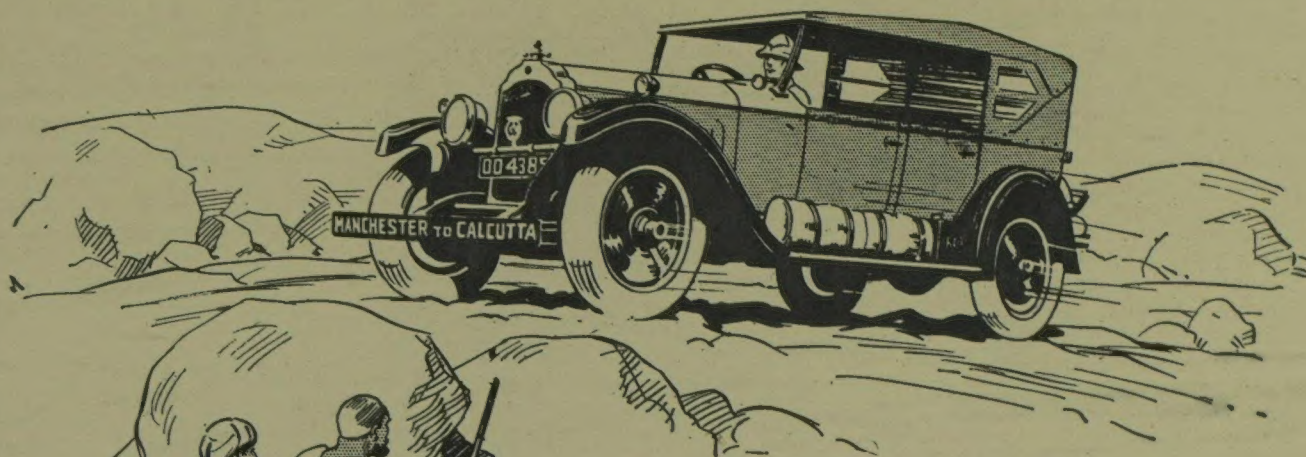
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